

THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,
and Public Affairs.*

Volume X

New York, Wednesday, June 12, 1929

Number 6

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager



EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cities of Tomorrow.....	141	The Ivory Tower.....	Paul Bussard 157
Week by Week.....	142	Epitaph of an Actress (<i>verse</i>).....	Le Baron Cooke 158
Jeanne d'Arc.....	146	Communications.....	159
The Policies of Labor.....	147	Sonnets.....	Margaret Tod Ritter,
Monte Cassino.....	Igino Giordani 148	Ethel Romig Fuller, David Morton, Ernest	
Modern Russian Literature.....	Catherine Radziwill 150	Hartsock, Bert Cooksley, Eliot Kays Stone	161
What Can Be Done for Art?....	Ralph Adams Cram 153	Books....	Gerald B. Phelan, John Chamberlain, John
Successful Farming in America.....	Robert Stewart 155	Gilland Brunini, Mary Kolars, Lurton Blassingame,	
		Joseph B. Code, Speer Strahan, Doris Cunningham	162

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single Copies: \$.10.

CITIES OF TOMORROW

NEW YORK has been pardonably excited about a complete portrait of itself in 1965, embodied in a report prepared at the behest of the Russell Sage Foundation. This report, which cost \$1,000,000 to make, is the most complete and suggestive thing of its kind. While the engineers in charge reckoned carefully with the existing terrain and other fixed circumstances, they showed clearly how growth of the city might be guided by foresight and housing science. If their ideas are adopted, 20,000,000 people can reside in an area of 5,528 square miles with considerably more comfort and sanity than are available now. The report embodies a modified decentralization plan, wherein Manhattan remains the "nerve centre," but throughout which other points of concentration afford everything the average city dweller needs. Everywhere in this immense complex the arteries of transportation run flexible and firm, transforming the whole district into an organism and avoiding the unhealthy congestion which now afflicts our urban life so noticeably. It seems that the plan may well be accepted as indicative of what could be done in other places. Possibly it is the first great step toward the recon-

struction of America. The huge, hapless, mushroom growths of an era of expansion must bend to the will of the social engineer and of the artist in living.

In one important respect, however, the report is noncommittal. What is the problem of the Church in the modern city, and how can it be solved? Believing as we all do that the great present task of religion is to bless and sanctify the urban scene as the work of farm and field has long since been consecrated, we can perforce not remain unaware of the tremendous difficulties involved. They are at least partly of this world—partly matters of adjustment to an environment distinctly novel. It is already apparent that churches and schools which, a generation ago, blended perfectly with the neighborhoods they served have now been caught in the trap of change. Elsewhere the buildings are too small for their present needs, and there is no practical way in which they can be enlarged. Many a city college even, which once seemed secure in tranquil surroundings, has now been hemmed in by trolley tracks and garages. It would be regrettable, indeed, if the citizenry of twenty years hence were to confront the necessity of scrapping much of what

has been laboriously builded. But though one can easily sense this fact, action with reference to it is puzzling. Religion must serve those now living, where they live. Masses need to be said, children await education, institutions are called for, in hundreds of new-built neighborhoods where grass grew twenty years ago. One architect has already suggested that churches be erected skyscraper fashion. Thus another story could be added, with a new nave and chapel, if the congregation increased rapidly in numbers. Again, it is advocated that all building be relatively temporary and inexpensive, so as to reckon with a period of transition. Both these suggestions, however, involve an attitude toward ecclesiastical art—that handmaiden expression of man's reverence for God—which is profoundly distasteful to modern feeling and, perhaps, indifferent to distinct modern needs.

Here one returns to those subtler realities of the spirit with which, it is widely believed, Christianity retains a definite affiliation. Many persons for whom dependence upon dogma or confidence in Revelation are unfamiliar habits of mind still think of faith as among the "finer" things of life. A saint, they hold, is very like an artist—a man apart, whose stature has not been curtailed by sordid actuality. Modern cities have need of both so that life may not become all utilitarian or materialistic, but wear the graces upon its head as Athens wore Plato and the Acropolis. Without these "crime would increase" and all sorts of "destructive social theories" enter the land. So obvious is this modern concession to the Church from without that not a few have seen here the best beginning of apologetic effort. The restoration of the Catholic art tradition owes more than a little to this point of view. And yet we need very much to find out if all this is really worth while, and if it can be sponsored effectively. It is certainly one thing to see in the Church "a storehouse of beauty," and another thing entirely to conceive of it as that light and vitality by which all creation is sublimated unto God.

Finally, what is the relation between religion and "social action" in the modern city? So much has been accomplished, from this point of view, that it is hard to do anything but praise earnest and intelligent workers. The fact remains, however, that none of these workers is content with the situation, or unaware of how much need there is for coördination and extension. Whole portions of the field are, in fact, untilled; others are only partly under cultivation. And yet we have long since been aware that, as in the days of early Christianity, the works of mercy must now accompany the work of faith. The status of "social action" therefore demands what the other aspects of religion we have named call for—a careful and searching survey of the city from the point of view of the Church. Much preliminary work has already been done. But we still await the definitive report which will tell us precisely where we stand in an endeavor to which our souls are bound.

WEEK BY WEEK

IT IS easy to lay hands on three factors in the British general elections accountable for Labor's moral victory, unexpected in its proportions. First was the popularity of a foreign policy program which yields in every letter to the propaganda of peace. In an election greatly influenced by women voters, the appeal of proposals to co-operate in every way with the United States for the freedom of the seas, the reduction of armaments, and the repeal of reservations to the anti-war pact, was certain to be effective. Concerning domestic affairs, there was the general disappointment over Mr. Churchill's final budget, and in no analysis can this be discounted. And then, of course, there was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's luck, which enabled his party to win thirty-six more seats than the Conservatives, with about three hundred thousand fewer votes. In a phrase well understood this side of the water, it was a case of "bunching hits." But all this does not seem to be enough to explain the fact that Labor has gained 137 seats more than in 1924, most of them from the party in power, and even a handful from ministers of His Majesty's government. It must be that the spirit socialistic has been on the growth in England these last four years, a development which may have been prompted by a good deal of economic distress, and encouraged by the discovery that Mr. MacDonald's nine months in office had not endangered the realm. The final results have been received with much applause by the more progressive elements in France, Germany and the United States. But their effect is likely to be greatest in Italy, where a certain prestige may be given to ideas not in the best repute upon the Capitoline.

ALL talk of Great Britain returning to a two-party system may as well be forgotten for a decade or so. Of course the Liberals have won only fifty-six seats, and at a cost of \$750,000 have increased their representation in the last Parliament by no more than ten. But the party polled some five million votes, or about one-fourth of the total cast, which ought to indicate that the Liberal temper is active enough in Britain to be in the running for some time to come: to be threat or promise for the future, depending upon your view-point. This, and the fact that fifty-six seats are enough to give Liberalism the balance of power in the new government, retains for the party a reasonable amount of dignity. The sad autumn of 1924 is forgotten, and Mr. Lloyd George is in a position he must have coveted. For as politics go, he is less unenviable than either Mr. MacDonald, who must gamble his party's future on a minority government in a time of depression, or Mr. Baldwin, whose present status needs no elucidation. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd George may be thankful that the miraculous did not

happen: for if the gods of caprice had dictated a great Liberal uprising, his might have been the embarrassment of a majority leader with a program calling, among other things, for the reduction of unemployment to normal proportions within the terrifying briefness of a year.

UPON how thin a thread prosperity is suspended will appear from the contrast between the report on recent economic changes issued by Mr. Hoover's committee only a few days ago and the news regarding agriculture. Wheat suddenly dropped to \$.96 a bushel on the exchange—a half-dollar below the price of one year ago, and well under the average for the past twenty years. Other grains followed suit, corn in particular registering a sensational decline. It is, of course, an open question whether the losses will more directly affect the farmer or the banks which have loaned money in advance on the coming crop. At all events the problem is larger than the individual agriculturist's bank account. It is estimated that the collapse means a loss of more than half a billion dollars, not including possible mortgage cancellations and bankruptcies. Once more the status of agricultural credit has been impaired; and politicians from the farm states are already talking of an "attack" upon the diversion of money into speculative channels. Meanwhile the administration is straining every muscle in an effort to pass the bill setting up a Farm Relief Board. This would undertake at once to stabilize production and with that prices. At the moment there is some discussion of an idea advanced by Senator Nye, to the effect that the government purchase a large quantity of wheat for Chinese famine relief. This is doubtless a sane and charitable suggestion, but acceptance depends upon whether a quantity of grain sufficiently large to count can actually be shipped to the famine-stricken districts and if the Chinese will be satisfied with wheat when they get it.

WHILE the importance of the Supreme Court decision in the St. Louis and O'Fallon railway case will depend upon what happens in practice, there cannot well remain any doubt that "existing property values" are going to figure prominently in the development of all public-control industries. The point at issue was really whether the Interstate Commerce Commission is empowered, under the transportation act, to determine railway values on other bases than that of "present reproduction costs." Since the Court had already held those "costs" legal in utility rate-fixing, it could not very well avoid extending the same principle to the railroads. Everybody is now entitled to a 6 percent return on—not the investment involved, but what that investment is worth at present. Regardless of what might be said

about such a decision, the fact remains that in practice no notable increase in rates is probable. The Court itself held that "value of the property" is only one factor in an estimate of reasonable charges, and an older decision cited as a precedent declares that "no more be exacted" from the public "for the use of a public highway than the services rendered are worth." This rather vague pronouncement is generally held to mean that what the user of transportation has to pay is of more than trifling consequence, and that competition retains not a little of its own snap. Nevertheless it is altogether obvious that in the future Interstate Commerce Commission decisions must ultimately face the question: Is the railway earning 6 percent on the present value of its properties? That query bodes no good to the patron.

THE COMMONWEAL, patterned to some extent after the French Catholic review, *Le Correspondant* (which recently celebrated its hundredth birthday) rejoices with the latter's editors over a public letter of commendation written by Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris. After having pointed to *Le Correspondant* as a "lesson and an example," His Eminence declared: "The knowledge of what one wishes to accomplish; the effort to succeed which combines a wise tenacity, an intelligent enthusiasm and a firm moderateness; the ability to keep oneself at an equal distance from excessive demands and cowardly surrender; the habit of never losing sight of the ideal, but also, when this is not attainable, of not despising that which is actually capable of realization; the art of maintaining a rigid intransigence with reference to principles, without sacrificing the rights of truth and justice; willingness to seek points of contact with the adversary with a view to enlightening him, instead of incurring the risk of increasing his opposition or hostility by ill-considered attacks; skill in making all feel that—even when one must talk frankly and unflinchingly—one has no other aim than to serve a very noble cause, separate from all personal pride or ambition—is this not the best formula for instructing, winning over and convincing others? This formula should be preferred by Catholics, because it seems to us, and in reality is, most definitely in the spirit of the Gospel. It alone is worthy of the clergy and of the faithful who defend their faith. Provocations, constant recriminations, bitter criticism, even where these are justified, merely exasperate an adversary. They do not instruct; they confirm error and bad will. What can one gain from them? Nothing. On the contrary, one loses doubly. Again, words of hate, insults and appeals to force necessarily result in disorder. The best intentions in the world cannot legitimize them. Charity condemns them. History testifies to their harmfulness and their impotence." We are glad to subscribe with all our might and main to these words.

A GREAT and simple man died on May 26, and with him died something that is not likely to be replaced. The dedicated devotion which Dr. Pallen gave to Church and country throughout his seventy years of full and ardent living is in itself the mark of a generosity heroic and hence exceptional; and it was fused, in him, with other factors which made him a symbol unique in the history of American Catholicism. Few Americans, living or dead, could have matched ancestors with him: the d'Ibervilles, pioneers of the Louisiana Purchase and founders of New Orleans; the thrice-famed Condés; the Benoists, favorites of Charles VII and Louis XIV, from whose dissolute court the Chevalier Benoist came to Canada as Montcalm's aide, to make his soul in peace. That these strains should have met in a soul so humble and simple, a mind so contemporaneous and alert, an Americanism so devoted and a Catholicism so profound as Dr. Pallen's, had the significance belonging to things which happen only once. And it is not un-American, surely, to say that we can learn from the long tale of his labors how nobility, whether of faith or blood, obliges. From his student days at Georgetown and the American College in Rome (where the man who, as Pius XI, was to confer on him the Knighthood of Saint Gregory, was his classmate) his life was one adventurous campaign for his religious and civic ideals. The editor, for ten years, of a Catholic paper, a founder and for many years the managing editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, editor of the Universal Knowledge Foundation, Catholic revisory editor of the New International and the Americana, he yet found energy to write and lecture almost ceaselessly, as a dozen distinguished volumes of poetry and philosophy, fiction and apologetics, attest. Of all the causes he defended, that of Catholic education was probably nearest his heart.

DR. PALLLEN brought to his sociological and political convictions a charity which humanized and illuminated their conservatism. He opposed feminism from an intense belief that it would not only hurt the race but cheat women themselves out of their real destiny and development. His work with the Department of Subversive Activities of the National Civic Federation should be noted in connection with the fact that he was the indignant foe of restricted immigration. His convictions as to the dangers of radicalism were very positive; but no one ever earned more fairly, by the exercise of an overflowing compassion toward the misery which is one of radicalism's excuses, the right to have positive convictions on the subject. Though he was the centre of a family unity and affection such as fall to the lot of few men, those who were nearest to him, and who felt the most love and pride in his magnificently Christian life, were allowed only by accidental revelations to guess at the extent of his personal charities. One such revelation came

after his death, when all day long scores of strangers, many of them very poor, appeared with their tears and their broken testimony, to pray beside his body. In him the Church on earth has lost a scholar, a champion and one of the choicest of her children; his country has lost—to quote the words which President Hoover honored himself as well as Dr. Pallen's co-religionists by writing—"one who gave . . . largely to the men and women of his time of the rich fruits of a sincere and high-minded search for the everlasting truths."

SOME time ago we commented on efforts being made, under the auspices of a large insurance company, to determine the cost of medical treatment to the average family. The problem is of genuine importance to the relatively wealthy as well as to the poor. Recently we heard of a business man whose sizable fortune was almost completely wiped out by the bills demanded for several major operations and convalescences. No one can blame the profession for such eventualities, but they happen and perplex us all. Meanwhile Germany is experimenting with a relief program which, though it incorporates the principles of our own public clinics, goes much farther in the direction of social welfare. The "Stadtkassenarzt," as the state physician is called, serves the masses. He is at their beck and call, at any time during the day and night, free of charge. And what is the result? A positively amazing recourse to the doctor, competent observers say, on the part of people who, on the one hand, develop manias regarding their health, and on the other force the physician to concern himself with bodily disturbances which would remedy themselves if left alone. It follows that doctors soon grow weary, cynical and pessimistic. The ardor of a calling to serve and heal is chilled in them. One by one they turn into mere functionaries who despair of their own future and work callously.

NEVERTHELESS the best German opinion does not favor an abandonment of this experiment. It is pointed out that, social conditions being what they are, the health of the individual is now of greater general importance than ever before. The chronically sick poor must be supported by charity. Children with tendencies toward disease may grow into undesirable men and women, handicapped by mental or physical maladies. Nor is the economic well-being of a country ever independent of the health of its citizens. States must, therefore, reckon with medicine in terms of the community and carry the work of social sanitation much nearer the individual. How this can be accomplished is a problem of tremendous dimensions, and what the Germans do toward solving it will merit watching. The physician needs, even more than the educator or diplomat, an opportunity to develop himself. But it would seem as if, in our time,

he must think of this opportunity not in terms of unrestricted personal freedom but as something to be achieved through imperative functional service in the vast organism of society.

AT THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology (of all places) is a professor who advises graduating students to be snobbish. "You will find it just as easy to marry the boss's daughter as the stenographer"—such notes as these were recently penciled by the young men listening to him.

Without malice of any kind, we should like to know whether the professor has followed, or intends to follow, his own advice, and (a) if he has, or if he does, was it politic of him to speak about it; (b) if he has not, or does not, was it honorable? It is also of some moment that all who have come in contact with the great practical philosopher of M. I. T. learn whether he was speaking out of his own experience when he said: "Dress, speak and act like a gentleman and you will be surprised at the amount of murder you can get away with." We have no doubt, however, of the ironic intent behind these sentences. And we suspect that they were prompted by a study similar to that which has recently been started at Teachers' College. First recommendations to come out of this investigation are that facts be gathered to ascertain in which of the professions ordinarily followed by college men there is least competition and most pay. Once this has been done, the colleges should make known their findings, and then, we are told, readjustment will follow of its own accord. For only a few students are expected to sacrifice higher pay for the chance to practice a desired profession.

WHEN in doubt, says an oriental proverb, go to sleep. Doubtless the maxim reckoned with the old-fashioned practice of shutting the windows tight before going to bed. Contagion of every sort might thus be avoided, and of course the age is rife with spirit microbes which induce all sorts of weird conditions of the soul. Evidently Mr. Mencken has not taken sufficient precautions. Unless all signs are misleading, he has succumbed to the blandishments of Professor Charles Beard, dispenser of machine-age optimism. Or can it be that Mr. George F. Babbitt himself has corralled a disciple? Anyhow the current American Mercury prints a review of the Krutch literary novelty which makes one wonder what is coming over good old Henry L. "Aristotle, compared to Einstein, was an ignoramus," says the review, which adds that the fact that Greek tragedies no longer "make us tremble" is proof that we are "better men" than the Hellenes. "They never invented anything half so ingenious as the printing press or the photographic camera. They never discovered anything as important as the cell. They never

produced a political document to compare to the Bill of Rights." At the end of this remarkable panegyric there stands a staggering query: "Who ever heard of an archbishop who was as dignified and admirable a man as Charles Darwin?"

ONE is glad to see that Mr. Mencken's education has now reached a point where he is fully aware of the exact dimensions of Einstein's knowledge. Most of us have not yet solved Aristotle's slightly gnarled metaphysics, and cannot decide whether "relativity" is a gag or a find. We have been informed, however, that both thinkers really hold to the same fundamental view of space and cosmic area. Meanwhile we shall await with interest coming Einstein doctrine on logic, ethics, aesthetics and other trifling subjects upon which Aristotle, in his poor way, threw some light. But blaming the Greeks for not having invented the "photographic camera" is more than a sign of education. It is positive humility. Mr. Mencken himself has devised nothing of the sort, and hitherto we had imagined that he believed greatness associated with literature and philosophy. Possibly he is turning into a fierce democrat (though, if one can credit his previous remarks, the Bill of Rights has been ignored for decades and is now a forgotten theory) who will ultimately write a biography (after the manner of Lewis Mumford) about Henry Ford. Conceivably, however, Mr. Mencken may, one of these days, meet an archbishop. That dignitary may not prove to be a Saint Charles or a Saint Ambrose, but we believe that he will compare favorably with Charles Darwin even under the handicap of a Baltimore climate. To such contagion, however, our sage will hardly expose himself. We have a fancy that if the archbishop were to present himself, Mr. Mencken would be in bed, covers up, blinds drawn, windows shut, with an aroma of formaldehyde prevailing.

IT IS probably unfair to find fault with the cheerfulness animating the reports of New York's Committee on Regional Plan, as outlined in the Times. The Committee was told to look ahead into New York's future, and it has looked ahead with a thoroughgoing conscientiousness which should justly earn it praise. But, confronted by the prophecy of a city swollen to the compass of 20,000,000 people, it is difficult in the first shuddering moment of realization to refrain from upbraiding the prophet. Later, on going into the details more closely, one is bound to acknowledge that, in so far as the curse can be taken off this awesome total, the Committee's plans aim at taking it off. They contemplate a horizontal rather than a vertical extension of the city, so that one of our pet nightmares—the man who never sets foot on Mother Earth—will be avoided. The industries now massed in comparatively restricted areas will, it is hoped, be scattered at various distant points,

each serving as the centre of its own working population. Belt lines tunneling water and land will serve the commuters over the lengthened distances between offices and homes. The key to most of the contemplated changes is, of course, the development of aircraft like the autogiro, capable of rising in an almost straight line; and the necessity for innumerable landing fields will naturally create a new type of city architecture. If there must be 20,000,000 people in one city, this is undoubtedly the way to deal with them; but surely, some time before the thirty-six years are up, the wise man will move to northern Canada.

JEANNE D'ARC

FIVE hundred years have gone since the siege of Orléans was raised by her whom the old chroniclers called Jehanne la Pucelle, and whom the Church now venerates as Saint Jeanne d'Arc. The city she defended against the British has recently observed her memory with triumphant ceremony, to which Cardinal Lepicier, himself a son of Vaucouleurs, came as special legate from the Holy See, and at which no people was more splendidly represented than the English, whose enemy the Maid once was. Many wars and battles have been fought since 1429, almost on the same ground. Rheims, where the king was crowned while Jeanne knelt close by, is not yet healed again of the wounds of conflict. Summon to mind the martial genius which guided all this clashing at arms, and you have with few exceptions the names of the very greatest captains—Napoleon, Von Moltke, Foch, Vauban, Marlborough. But not all of these together ride so imperially through the forests of oblivion as the girl who watched the sheep in the meadows of Lorraine, and in whose heart was heard the order of Michael the Archangel, of Margaret and Catherine to the dauphin's support.

In the story of Jeanne, all folk-lore became splendidly real. It is as if the court of heaven had decided that a host of "marvels," summoned up by popular imagination during a thousand years to incorporate hopes, ideals and moral judgments, should suddenly be crystallized in the stark virility of this Maid. Her story is as plain and straightforward as the chronicles of Caesar. There is no doubting its truth, no questioning its motives. Jeanne hastened toward her tragic destiny, wholly unconcerned with either herself or the treacheries of men. The voices spoke and she followed. That was all. Her's was a procession not of malediction but of charity, not of war for victory but of "war that war might cease," not of ambition but of the people's mercy. Crowds of little children could be fed once more when she had gained a victory. Families could live tranquilly again. The granaries were no longer aflame. And the realm of the "eldest daughter of the Church" was intact—not redeemed of its sins, indeed, but free to work out its redemption in so far as men can and do.

The letter which the papal envoy bore from Rome to Orléans for the centenary reads in part as follows: "It pleases us thus to give a plain proof of our devotion to Jeanne d'Arc, and of our continued benevolence to all of Catholic France." Who does not, in a measure, repeat those words out of the depth of his heart? One of the titles which Our Lord gave to Himself and the Church was "Light of the World." And nowhere else in the western countries has this radiance shone so bright and so sanctified as in those lands where the Frank and the Gaul refashioned the task of Rome. Its extraordinary lucidity is apparent in a host of saints. It gleams through the history of a score of councils. Its lustre is in a throng of deeds and books, all of them "*gesta Dei per Francos*." Naturally enough, the world of Satan has always battled fiercely against this illumination; and it is strange that since Jeanne's time, one has almost been able to measure the spiritual constancy of France by the constancy of her fame. In the haunted shadows of Jansenist cloisters there was no place for her gleaming sword. For the cold iconoclasm of Voltaire and his followers, her miracle became the petty business of a dream. And when the nineteenth century was closing, the tide of scepticism bore nothing so precious as her memory, imprisoned in the laughter of Renan and Anatole France much as a peerless gem might be hidden in the rags of fools.

Then, suddenly (well-nigh as suddenly as her own coming from the green hills of Lorraine) there was a change. Charles Péguy, born of the poorest of the poor in Orléans, had found his way through the philosophies, the social doctrines, the theories of his time. In a manner he was the pool in which those chaotic years looked for their picture—a pool clear in itself, but muddled with bizarre reflections. Péguy, conscious always of the throng of his people about him, then gradually became conscious also that this was a people irretrievably doomed to Christendom; a people that would die when it closed the road to Calvary. And so, spontaneously and yet ever so carefully, he restored the idea of Jeanne d'Arc. She was to him not a pattern of knighthood or a model for soldiers, but a saint of the people; and he called his book *The Mystery of the Charity of Jeanne d'Arc*. Her virtue, he declared, was humility; her grandeur the fact that she had received orders. Hardly had Péguy written than the war broke out, and France—which had repudiated Christ officially and even, to a considerable extent, removed Him from the hearts of the people—saw that she could be saved only by emphasizing her mission as the custodian of Christendom, the scion of Charlemagne, the conqueror of the crusades. This in turn depended not so much upon the skill of generals or the astuteness of statesmen as upon the simple readiness of the peasant and the artisan—true kindred of Jeanne—to obey a command humbly.

The impression that Jeanne was a kind of roystering

crusader—a kind of Carrie Nation, indeed!—is bottomlessly false. That means reading into her story a modern individualism and belligerence which would have astounded no one so much as her. The Maid of Orléans was not a “leader” but a follower, nursed as Péguy says in that humility which Christianity has accepted as the very rhythm of its life. Of course she had received a very special “command”; but her obedience to this was of the same character as that of the least of the faithful, who hearkens to good counsel and resolves in his heart to follow it. One wishes, therefore, to enrol Jeanne among the noblest of those who are to guide the new movement of Catholic Action. She will not be an incentive to all kinds of fantastic “originality” or window-smashing, but a positive reminder that nothing can be accomplished which is not done in the genuine spirit of the Church—which is not born of the mysteries of humility and obedience and charity. Orléans was saved not by shouting but by listening. When we have learned that lesson, the world may be redeemed.

THE POLICIES OF LABOR

THE Labor Age movement for a more militant trade union policy has taken on the respectability of organization with the launching of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action. The name is something of an indication of its character. It will be active, energetic, aggressive. And it promises, in the name of a newly formulated program, to be coherent. As avowed, its reason for being is the failure of other societies to state the cause of labor effectively in America; first, the failure of the American Federation of Labor to cultivate a “class” feeling among the workers, and its inability to alleviate the unemployment which has come with industrial prosperity; second, the failure of the Communists to understand American labor and its psychology. Indeed the gravest charge made by the progressives is directed against the Communists: they have “undermined the faith of the rank and file in the possibilities of the organized labor movement.” A motion to delete this criticism was suppressed, and so the new movement offers a definite appeal to those who believe in a more drastic and common action for labor than has been existing in America, but one untainted with regard for the Third International.

It should be obvious, however, that the immediate, real and personal force behind the movement is not to be discovered in any of these statements. It is possibly to be found in the discontent of active-minded men with the slackening of enthusiasm in union labor. American Federation of Labor officials attribute this to the national prosperity, forgetting, perhaps, that a great part of their last convention was devoted to complaints against the numerous ills which have accompanied the new industrial revolution. And this ought to indicate that no great share in prosperity

has yet reached the worker. It is much more likely that interest has been dulled because of the fact that, like everyone else, the American Federation of Labor has been unable to suggest a remedy for these new ills other than the adoption of a five-day week. And as that is a solution which it will take a long time to get the manufacturers of this country to accept—a time, considering the suspiciousness of capital, which will only be prolonged by violence—there can be no rousing interest for it. It is not the unskilled worker who can show any enthusiasm for a consummation which it will take a decade of careful and laborious effort to bring about. President Green can, and here is one true mark that he has the leader's vision.

Curiously enough, it is just in stimulating interest and activity that the progressives may be of some value to organized labor in this country. And a movement which is essentially controversial in character should not fail to do this. Perhaps if President Green can have something more “realistic” than the Communists to point to as an illustration of the wrong way, he may find it easier to enlist champions in the cause of the right way. Except as such an instrument, as an opposition party, in other words, loyal in its own way to the cause, it is not easy to see how the progressives will accomplish much. Certainly it is difficult to fit in their program with the temper of America. The idea of a mutuality of interest between labor and capital has been strongly developed in this country (by capital, the progressives would add) and it certainly promises the only tolerable relationship for the future. Meanwhile it would be understating the case to say that it has done as much for union labor in this country as the theories of class consciousness have for the more radical groups of Europe. One good reason for the solidity of the American Federation of Labor has been its steadfast opposition to the ideas of class consciousness and class war, and its realization that only an ideal of coöperation, of “teamwork”—that most characteristically American of slogans—could eventually win for labor its just share in the rewards of industry.

Another, certainly, has been its non-political character, with which the progressives find dissatisfaction. “We urge independent labor party action as a substitute for the useless and confusing non-partisan policy which results in the selection of public officials completely dominated by employers.” It is true that the British Labor party enjoys considerable success. But the American worker cannot be persuaded that his legislative necessities are the same as those of the Englishman's. First of all he remembers that it was not until the labor movement in this country dropped all the political pretensions with which it began that it enjoyed anything but a precarious existence. In the second place he has had the opportunity in recent years to demonstrate his convictions. Is it not of significance that every attempt to unify labor politically, even in the interest of a candidature, has failed?

MONTE CASSINO

By IGINO GIORDANI

IT WAS fourteen centuries ago, in 529, that Saint Benedict left Subiaco, where his life had been made unbearable by the hatred of the priest Florentius, and journeyed southward through a wilderness of deserted villages that had experienced the ravages of famine, pestilence and war.

One of these devastated towns, Cassinum, situated on the road between Naples and Rome, and once the home of the pagan Varro, drew the saint's attention, because, surrounded by an amphitheatre of green hills and surmounted by a rocky mountain, it seemed to offer the peace he sought.

Benedict, now in his forty-eighth year, decided to make this crag his new home. So having overturned an altar to Apollo which he found in a grove, he built two chapels, one in honor of Saint John the Baptist and the other under the patronage of Saint Martin, and set to work converting the peasants of the neighborhood. From the remains of a ruined tower he built a monastery overlooking the valley of Liri, where he saw the Greek troops of Belisarius and the Gothic hordes of Totila pass on their way to plunder Rome.

Attracted by this new John the Baptist many soon flocked to Monte Cassino to place themselves under Benedict's direction. For these he wrote his celebrated rule, which he had already outlined at Subiaco. The community began to spread. Saint Placid, son of the Senator Tertullus, was sent to Messina and others were commissioned to establish a monastery at Terracina.

In 543 Saint Benedict died, but his work lived after him. The dynamic organization which he founded soon spread all over the world and lasted through many centuries and cycles of civilization—an institution that, after the Church, is the most ancient and glorious in the western world. Saint Maurus, the beloved disciple of the founder, introduced monasticism into France, while others laid foundations in Germany and England. Statistics show that, up to the death of Pope John XXII in the fourteenth century, the order of Saint Benedict could boast of no less than twenty-four Popes, nearly two hundred cardinals, 7,000 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, 15,000 abbots of renown, 4,000 saints, 15,700 authors, twenty emperors, ten empresses, forty-six kings, fifty queens and more than 37,000 monasteries. Up to the present time this number has been doubled in many instances: the number of Benedictines, for example, who have ascended the papal throne is now fifty.

The centenary of Monte Cassino forms one of the most important entries in the year's program of commemorations. Fourteen hundred years ago, Saint Benedict made his home in the hills above Cassinum and began that great work of monastic culture which so profoundly modified the history of the western world. Monte Cassino remains one of the most impressive of Christian shrines, and much has been planned in honor of the occasion. Count Giordani introduces personal reminiscences of Cardinal Gasquet, the great Benedictine scholar who died recently.—The Editors.

The progress of this army of intellectual workers and manual laborers was for many years the progress of western civilization. Whole nations were changed from barbaric hordes to orderly states. Marshes were reclaimed, roads laid, bridges built and wild forests became the sites of thriving

towns, towering churches and flourishing monastic schools.

Monte Cassino was the source of all this marvelous enthusiastic energy. From its venerable portals hosts of missionaries and scholars issued forth to remake the world. With the famous Benedictine motto, "Ora et labora," the monks assembled, copied and ornamented thousands of manuscripts and thus preserved the classical masterpieces for posterity. We can easily understand why this mountain should have been a place of pilgrimage throughout the centuries, for Popes, emperors, kings, scholars, saints and sinners, great and small: for Rachis and Desiderius, kings of the Lombards, for Charlemagne, for Wilivald of England, for Henry II of Germany, for Saint Odilo of Cluny, for Boccaccio, Columbus, Galileo. . . .

But the history of Monte Cassino is not an uninterrupted story of peace: the murderer and plunderer also appear on the scene.

First the Lombards of Benevento sacked the abbey, in 589, as Saint Benedict had foreseen; and the monks with difficulty saved the manuscript rule and fled to Rome, where Gelasius II gave them a monastery near the papal palace of the Lateran. The abbey was restored only in 717 by a wealthy citizen of Brescia, Petronatus; and again it took its place as the mother abbey of the order. In 787 Charlemagne visited Monte Cassino and admired the school added to the cloister; and when he went back to Gaul, begged the Abbot Theodemar to send him a group of monks with the rule and some books to rekindle learning among Franks. Paul the Deacon attests that in this time the greatest care was taken of the manuscripts. Some forty years before the emperor's visit, Saint Boniface, the apostle of Germany, had sent to Monte Cassino his friend Sturm to learn the rule as it was applied around the grave of the patriarch of monks, in order to transplant it to Fulda.

But the Saracens laid it waste with fire and sword in 884 and killed the monks. The precious autographic rule was rescued once more, but for the last time. The Abbot Aligernus is considered the third founder of the abbey. After a period of decay, dur-

ing which the pristine Benedictine spirit seemed to have migrated to Cluny, it arose once more in 1058 as a result of the efforts of Desiderius under whom it was richly embellished by artists from Amalfi and Constantinople. Two great scholars of this period are worthy of mention: Alfano, a poet who wrote both in Greek and Latin, and Peter the Deacon, a librarian and historian. Theology, philosophy, music, poetry, law, medicine were taught; a magnificent abode was built for the 200 monks, and it was consecrated in 1071 by Pope Alexander II, accompanied by other famous Benedictines, such as Saint Peter Damian and Hildebrand, who as Gregory VII was to renew the glory of the Papacy. After the death of Gregory VII, Desiderius himself ascended the chair of Saint Peter as Victor III. In that time many classic books were copied: Homer, Virgil, Horace, Terence, Cicero, Ovid, Seneca, etc., with Origen, Saint Jerome, Saint John Chrisostom, Saint Gregory Nazianzen, Saint Augustine, Saint Ambrose, Saint Beda, etc., as well as Bibles, antiphonaries, evangelaries, written in the beautiful lombard-cassinensis characters and finely illuminated.

Rich in intellectual and spiritual goods, the monastery owned many material possessions as well. It had grown into a large fief, including two princedoms, 440 villas, 250 castles, towns and harbors. Its abbot was known as the "abbot of abbots," the vice-chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire in Italy and chancellor of the king of Sicily. This wealth was a continual temptation for the plunderer, and it is not surprising that in the thirteenth century the monastery was again pillaged; this time by the troops of Frederick II, led by the father and the brothers of Saint Thomas Aquinas, who some years later refused to accede to the greedy ambitions of his kinsmen by declining to become abbot of Monte Cassino.

More assaults followed; and, as the Abbot Bernard I Aygherius complained, Monte Cassino had been converted into a bandits' den. Better days came with the renaissance, when it was beautified by such artists as Bramante, Luca Giordano, Solimene, and again took its place as a centre of culture.

It was pillaged for the last time by Championnet, a general of the French Revolution, in 1799, when Raphael's Holy Family was stolen. Having completed their plunder the drunken soldiers, dressed in sacerdotal garments, simulated a religious procession, singing the while obscene refrains with *The Marseillaise*. A young monk, Enrico Gattola, knelt on the threshold of the library to conjure them to spare the precious manuscripts and documents of the archives: as an answer a stroke of a sword at his neck killed him.

But it is a rule of the Benedictine order to rebuild over and over again. And this time the abbey revived at the hands of another Benedictine Pope, Pius VII. From thence to this day it remained resplendent in its traditional learning, sanctity and hospitality.

This spring witnessed the beginning of the fourteenth centenary celebration of Monte Cassino: an event in which all the civilized world should be interested. The Holy Father has appointed Cardinal Gasparri, his secretary, as his delegate at the ceremonies which are to take place. The Italian government intends building a huge stadium at Cassino and restoring many monuments. A new interest is being aroused in the classic works dealing with this cradle of the Benedictine family, as, for instance, the *Dialogues* of Saint Gregory; Ozanam's studies; Montalembert's *Monks of the West*; Luigi Tosti's *History of Monte Cassino*. Tosti was also abbot of Monte Cassino, and, because of his learning became acquainted with Premier Crispi and tried with him a solution of the Roman question. Leo XIII appointed him prefect of the Vatican archives and allowed him to approach the Italian government. Crispi was well disposed, since he wished to crown himself with the "Napoleonic laurel" which he considered the due of the minister who would solve this vexed problem. King Humbert I accepted the proposals. But the Masons threatened a revolution within twenty-four hours; so the attempt was still-born.

Another very important work to be republished is due to another distinguished son of Saint Benedict—Cardinal Gasquet. On the occasion of the fourteenth centenary of Saint Benedict's birth, in 1880, hiding behind a pseudonym—A Monk of Saint Gregory's Priory—he published a clear and scholarly sketch of the life and mission of Saint Benedict. A few weeks before his death, he asked me to translate this rare pamphlet enlarged for the present circumstances. It was an honor for me; and it was not without emotion that I had the cardinal's personal copy in which a letter of Cardinal Newman praising the work was inserted. When I met him the last time, he looked as pale as a shadow; but his brain was lively and he joked with me about the difficulty of pronunciation in the English language—one spells Constantinople and reads Byzantium.

Cardinal Gasquet looks on Saint Benedict as a father of nations, but particularly of the English nation. Was it not that devoted son of Saint Benedict, Saint Gregory the Great, who, seeing two Anglo-Saxon boys in Rome, found them as beautiful as angels, and resolved to convert their kinsmen in Britain? From his monastery on the Caelian he sent Augustine who, with forty companions, set foot on English soil in 596, "and from this time Saint Benedict seems to have taken possession of England as his own." And it was from England that missionaries went forth to convert the nations of Denmark, Norway, Sweden.

Duchesne has written:

The English Church is clearly a colony of the Roman Church. This relation is evident even in the material distribution of the buildings and their names. Canterbury was a little Rome.

The author of *The Making of England* has seen something of this when he says that the spot which witnessed the landing of Romans

became better known as the landing place of Augustine. But the second landing at Ebbsfleet was in no small measure a reversal of the first. "Strangers from Rome" was the title with which the missionaries fronted the king. The march of the monks as they chanted their solemn litany was in a sense a return of the Roman legionaries who withdrew at the trumpet-call of Alaric.

Cardinal Gasquet lays emphasis on the Roman character of Augustine's mission in England. Augustine, a Roman at the heart's core, set himself to converting the people of Kent according to the manner in which old Rome conquered the world. His Roman sense taught him that the work of building up a Christian people had to proceed *pari passu* with the spread of civilization. Without his work, the Anglo-Saxon race would have passed from the knowledge of future generations more completely than people who set up inscribed stones and graven images in the tropical forests of Yucatan.

Startling as the assertion may seem to be to some, there can be no question as to this fact: that Roman instincts of order and justice, upon which we pride ourselves as Englishmen, were first fostered by the apostle of our race, the Roman monk imbued with the principles of Saint Benedict's legislation.

Also the monastic school founded by Saint Benedict at Monte Cassino was the model after which the first English schools (and French as well) were organized. These cloistral schools gradually developed into the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Cardinal Newman thus relates the origin of Cambridge:

Jeoffred, or Goisfred, had studied at Orléans; thence he came to Lincolnshire and became abbot of Croyland; whence he sent to his manor of Cotenham, near Cambridge, four of his French fellow-students and monks—one of them to be professor of sacred learning, the rest teachers in philosophy. . . . At Cambridge, they hired a common barn and opened it as a school of the high sciences. They taught daily. By the second year the number of the hearers was so great from the town and country that not the biggest house and barn that was, says Wood, "nor any church whatever sufficed to hold them." They accordingly divided off into several schools and began an arrangement of classes, some of which are enumerated. Betimes in the morning Brother Odo read grammar to the boys. . . . At one o'clock Brother William read a lecture on Tully's *Rhetoric* and Quintilian *Flores*. . . . Master Gislebert, upon every Sunday, preached the Word of God to the People. . . ."

Such was the beginning of many a university: a good result from the first attempts of Subiaco and Monte Cassino. Cardinal Gasquet wanted to remember them in the fourteenth centenary of the mother abbey: then he died.

MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE

By CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ

RUSSIAN literature, which twenty-five years ago took a leading part in the intellectual life of the entire world, has now utterly changed. It drifts from right to left, and from left to right, according to the impressions which events have—not engraved, but simply photographed, on the Russian mind, and to a certain extent on the Russian conception of right and wrong. It is impossible for human beings to go through an unbroken period of moral and physical suffering without becoming callous and even cruel, in their appreciations of this eternal gamble with life to which they have been subjected. There can be no real literary movement in a country and among people who have seen only one side of the picture, who have looked only upon one of the pages of the book unfolded before their eyes, and who have not even done that thoroughly.

What made Russian writers so fascinating in the past was their power of analyzing human sensations and the fluctuations of human mentality. They had studied man as a whole, tried to get to the bottom of his struggles, even attempted to discover in him the sources out of which he had gathered the energy to sin and the strength to repent. To the keen spirit of observation displayed in analyzing the things which

they saw, they added much of that divine pity for the poor, the helpless and even the criminal, which has always been one of the distinctive features of the Russian character. Their books were always humanly true, which explains the great influence so many of them have exercised over the people who read them. It was not the masterful description of the character of Raskolnikov, in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, which made him so unforgettable, but the fact that everyone who closed the volume in which his story was related felt that there might be circumstances capable of making others do as he had done, sin as he had sinned, kill as he had killed. In the case of the heroes of Turgeniev's novels, there is not one whose deeds or thoughts are not understandable, even by those whose mentality is absolutely different from theirs. They all move in a real world, not in a universe created by their own imagination, and this is what constituted the power of Russian pre-war literature.

Nothing of this kind exists in the writings of the post-war Russian writers. They have talent, great talent in some instances, but talent like everything else requires certain conditions of well-being to give its real value, and to ensure its development. Above

everything else it requires peace, intellectual peace, which does not mean lack of material cares. When a country's existence is normal, its talented men, even if they find themselves oppressed (as was so often the case in the Russia of the czars) still can work, write and observe. In his dark cell in the gloomy fortress of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in St. Petersburg, Kropotkin never lost his serenity, and wrote some of his most eloquent pages. Within the four walls of Schlüsselburg, Vera Fiegner retained her vitality; in the mines of Nertchinsk the Decembrists kept their faith in the future, and did not despair. They knew that, although they might individually perish, Russia would survive, and this knowledge helped them to preach to others this great humanitarian creed of love of one's neighbor and faith in one's God.

But now! How can any talent come to the surface when existence becomes a perpetual fight, not against misery or destitution, but against sudden but always imminent annihilation? How can a man write when he is ever listening for the sound of the feet of other men coming to drag him to prison or to some dark cellar where he will be summarily put to death? How can he expect to give his best to a world in which he occupies the position of an outcast? Literature is after all a study of society as well as of life. How can it develop itself and rise to the heights upon which it ought to stand in a country where there is no society, where life is not normal, where there is nothing remaining but political passions, hatred, cruelty and despair?

It is nothing short of a miracle that there still exist Russian authors worth reading, amid the chaos into which Russia has fallen. It is not at all surprising if there are none who can judge sanely, write the truth instead of *some* truths, describe what everybody has witnessed, instead of what they alone have looked upon.

Present Russian literature can be divided into two classes. On the one hand we find writers who have migrated in consequence of the Revolution, and gradually lost touch with their country, judging it according to its former standards, unable to realize that it is no longer the country which they had known in their youth, loved during their manhood. They have retained their talent, but they do not know how to use it because of the hard necessity in which most of them find themselves to market it, and to write what most appeals to the small public which reads their books. They have seen but one side of the general picture of the Russia of today, and have not realized that there is another angle from which it can be gazed upon. For this reason the earlier works of some of the most popular (note I have not said some of the best) anti-Bolshevik Russian writers, are a great deal more clever and better written than the later ones.

Take for instance the books of General Krasnov. His first book, *From Double-Headed Eagle to Red*

Flag, was an extraordinary production—a most accurate picture of pre-war St. Petersburg society, and of the disorganization brought about by the great war, with the subsequent collapse of the entire country under the weight of Bolshevism. It produced an immense impression, principally because all the Russians who read it, and all the foreigners who had been in Russia in those days, found recorded in it things which they had seen and known themselves. In a certain sense it was a literary event, a chronicle of a great nation's decay and fall. But it was one of those spontaneous combustions brought about by the force of tremendous facts, not by an explosion of unexpressed talent. It was the revolt of one who had suffered against those who had made him suffer. There was displayed in it an immense gift for assimilating scenes of horror, but is this kind of talent real? It is easier to curse one's neighbor when one is still smarting under the wrongs one has suffered at his hands, than coolly to strike terror in the hearts of mankind by an exposé of things which one knows are true, presented without rancor and with an unimpassioned impartiality.

It is this lack of impartiality which constitutes one of the weakest sides of modern Russian literature. On the one hand we find writers allowed to express themselves in their native land, who are trying to forget any mental agony they may have undergone in the past, and appealing to the chaotic minds of the few with time to read, by diverting them from their gloomy thoughts. On the other, we have to do with expatriated Russians who only remember a Russia that drove them away from her, and condemned them to perpetual wanderings on the face of the earth. Among the latter are very distinguished men, like Krasnov already referred to, Ivan Bunine, Merejkovski, Prince Volkonski and others. They still can write, but their productions refer only to the past. Unfortunately, existence today compels us to keep our eyes riveted on the future, which explains why these writers fail to strike any appealing note in the hearts of their readers.

The only field in which modern Russian literature has made great progress is that of history and biography. The desire to tell others one's varied experiences is inherent in human nature. When these experiences have been as tragic as those which Russians have had to undergo, their story cannot fail to be interesting. Therefore an enormous amount of biographical sketches have been offered to the public, some worthless, others which will one day rank among historical works. Russians are born story-tellers. From the old peasant who during the long winter evenings relates to his children and grandchildren episodes of the time when he was young, to the famous authors, ancient and modern, they know how to keep the attention of their audience. The war and the sinister tragedy of Bolshevism have produced an enormous amount of material which undoubtedly will be quoted at great

length by the future historian. When this has been properly sorted it will help him considerably in coming to an exact opinion about the events which now are too close to be judged impartially and accurately.

In the same order of things, historical novels also have increased in number and importance, and any amount of public and private archives have been published in Russia itself as well as abroad. Merejkovski's superb story of the revolutionary movement which culminated in the mutiny of December 14, 1825, contains pages which Shakespeare himself might have written, so tragic are they in their quiet grandeur. As a contrast to them we find the correspondence of Nicholas II with his wife, that terrible monument to a man's weakness and a woman's folly, which even if read alone would explain the wherefore and the success of the Revolution.

This is a Bolshevik publication. The Russian émigrés, on the other hand, are publishing an immense work called *The Archives of the Russian Revolution*, under the superintendence of Mr. Herzen, one of the leaders of the now defunct Cadet party. This is a most interesting collection consisting for the most part of personal reminiscences and anecdotes of known and unknown people, and well deserves to be translated into foreign languages.

Prince Volkonsky also has written the story of his life, and among other things has given us the best sketches ever published of the personalities of Nicholas II and his ill-fated consort. But his attempts at writing a novel have not been happy, perhaps because he chose to compose historical fiction founded on a great deal of imagination combined with some reminiscences of a past of which it is doubtful whether he had ever realized the importance.

This, however, is not entirely his fault, because most modern Russian authors, especially those who live abroad, share it with him. They simply cannot refrain from introducing Bolshevism in their books. It haunts them to the exclusion of everything else. They forget that it will pass one day as everything else passes. They build upon it as if it were going to be eternal. This is a dangerous error from the literary point of view. Good literature does not thrive upon scenes of horror, which explains why in the most talented Russian books nowadays there are splendid pages, but not one really splendid volume. And the literature of a people cannot be judged on the strength of a few pages. It requires something more, it needs the divine spark of genius to assure it immortality. There is no genius among modern Russian authors, only gigantic talent at times, combined with a colossal disdain for those conventions which up to now have been considered indispensable in the framing of a book.

Leonid Andreyev alone knew how to rise above the influence of the painful conditions of existence amid which he died at last. His prose remained to the last the strong and powerful thing it had always

been. But others, like Ivan Bunine, Madame Breshko-Breshkovskaia, Madame Lapo-Danilevskaya, Ivan Nagivin, who now rank as foremost Russian narrators and novelists, all make the same mistakes, and astonish us with the same lack of moderation, the same inability to see things from another point of view than that of the havoc and destruction caused by the folly of Bolshevism. Not one among them can find in himself the strength to speak about hope to a nation that has unfortunately forgotten what hope is.

Maxim Gorky stands the only exception among all these mediocrities that might under other circumstances have developed into talents. But Maxim Gorky is the exception which confirms the rule, and even his later works lack the strength which characterized his earlier ones. Over his head the curse of Bolshevism also has passed, and left him perhaps a wiser, and certainly a sadder man.

I have kept Serge Gussiev-Orenburgsky for the end of this rapid sketch. He is undoubtedly the greatest figure in Russian modern literature. He is a real writer, one who condenses his personal impressions from a literary point of view, and who in addition understands the science of effect produced at the right time, and under the right circumstances. But in his works also can be found here and there this note of unmitigated horror which is the leit-motif of every modern Russian book, be it novel or essay. In his *The Land of the Children* there are scenes so unforgettable that one wakes up at night trembling from the terrifying impression which they have produced, scenes absolutely Shakespearean in their tragic, slow, but at the same time violent development. And yet this book of Orenburgsky's is the only one which ends upon a note of hope among all those of modern Russian writers that I have read. Its closing words are those of an old ballad of the thirteenth century which the czarinas confined within the walls of the Moscow Kremlin used to sing:

In Holy Russia, the cocks are crowing,
Daylight will soon come in Holy Russia.

It is this lack of belief in a coming daylight which is the great weakness of modern Russian literature. Turgenev moved the masses; Tolstoy influenced the intelligentsia, at least until he had turned into the preacher he had never been meant to be. Gogol amused both masses and intelligentsia. Other writers, such as Dostoievsky, opened the eyes of the blind and aroused dormant consciences. But Dostoievsky, Gogol, Tolstoy and Turgenev all had faith, this faith which the demon Bolshevism has destroyed in so many human souls; and when they wept over the sins of their native land, they did it with the hope of resurrection always before their eyes, with the conviction that Russia, their Mother Russia could not die. Today it is different, and Russian writers watch no longer beside a death-bed, they kneel before a grave.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR ART?

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

ART which came into being under the impulse of religion and for its service; which was revived by Christianity and given a new content; which was fostered and used by the Catholic Church for more than a thousand years, and which found in this service its greatest opportunities and through this produced its greatest works, has now through a process of nearly three centuries, become thoroughly secularized and is no longer "the handmaid of religion." In one respect this is a good thing and not to be rejected. Since religious sense, whether Catholic or Protestant, is now for the moment an attribute of only a minority, art, which is a part of man's birthright, can no longer be sought through the material channels of religion, and it is only fair that it should exist and be fostered in the secular sphere; for, wholly apart from religious considerations, a society that is without art may possibly be civilized, but it is certainly deficient in the higher quality of culture, while it lacks one of the important factors of joy.

In this process of secularization, as I have said, the positive gain has been balanced by an equally positive loss, and that is the almost total disappearance of that art which religion can use for its own expression and stimulation. For 200 years, partly of necessity, partly by its own fault, the Catholic Church was wholly cut off from the use and enjoyment of art of any kind except that which had been preserved from earlier centuries, and even this generally failed of any large measure of appreciation. Now when the need is again felt and there is some revival of the sense of beauty—not only in itself but as a first test of values—the whole thing must be built up anew, for the cord of continuity has snapped, just as it did in western Europe during the first dark ages that followed the fall of Rome. What, in the premises, is the duty, and what may be the function, of the Catholic Church?

It seems to me the answer is reasonably clear. The Church must *consciously* resume the position she once more or less unconsciously held as the creator, patron and protector of the arts, at least in so far as they enter into her service. It is not enough that the Church should maintain an attitude of amiable receptivity, accepting what art is brought to her, even if it is the best of the time. In this connection it is necessary to recognize two facts. First, that our technological civilization does not and cannot furnish a soil congenial to the development of art of any kind while it

Last week Mr. Cram discussed the tradition of art which reached its finest flowering during the middle-ages. In the following article he concerns himself with the status of the crafts at present, holding that the Church must now consciously strive to regain the position as patron and inspiration which she once held unconsciously. Actual conditions are here analyzed with realism, and some suggestions are offered in a spirit of eagerness to serve. We may add that this article forms part of a volume soon to appear in the Calvert Series, published by the Macmillan Company.—The Editors.

tends increasingly to produce a spiritual and material environment that is distinctly unfavorable and even hostile. Second, that in no school, studio or atelier today (with the possible exception of the Académie de Saint-Luc in Belgium) is there any training or instruction in any form of religious art, nor is there even any consciousness that religion exists and is a factor in society, or that churches are even built and embellished today. Because of this it is useless to expect from contemporary schools, admirable as they may be along their own lines (and there are, for example, no better architectural schools in the world, within their own limitations, than there are in the United States) the slightest chance of gaining acceptable artists or the least co-operation in fostering them and rendering them competent practitioners. At the best such practice as is given comes under the head of "archaeology"; at the worst it is such as is given now in France, where the same set of laws and theories are applied to the Catholic Church as are maintained in the case of airplanes, automobile manufacture, department stores, cinemas, apartment houses, industrial plants and all the other characteristic products of our technological civilization.

Both these attitudes are bad, one in a negative, one in a positive way, and neither can contribute an iota to the task of rebuilding Christian art. Yet the need is imperative, the demand clamorous, and that this demand can be met is proved by the work of contemporary architects in England and the United States, the revival of the art of stained glass, the sporadic instances of sculptors and painters in several countries, and the vast reform that has been effected in music and liturgies in the last twenty-five years. Where these architects and other artists come from is a mystery—certainly not from the schools. They seem like biological mutations, appearing suddenly and without traceable parentage. Like these biological sports, however, they are few in number and need careful nurture to prevent reversion to type. This fostering care is the first duty of the Church: to seek out and find these rare geniuses who appear like strange survivals from the old days of Catholic society, and to use them when found, accepting no inferior substitute engendered by doctrinaire schools or commercial "mass production."

This, however, is not enough. In spite of the astonishing phenomenon of the sudden appearance of a

great number of young architects in the United States, competent and Catholic-minded, at least so far as their professional work is concerned, it is scarcely safe to rely on the continuance of this "uncovenanted mercy of God." Moreover, there is no other country, not even England, that shows any similar phenomenon at the present time. It is true that there are there a few men of commanding genius, but the present professional tendency so far as schools and practice are concerned, is away from sound racial standards, averse to the vital art of Liverpool cathedral for example, and almost exclusively toward the gravely misleading ways of France where, as also in Germany, there seems to be no one who grasps the ethos of Catholic art or is capable of interpreting it in any acceptable sense. The same is true of Italy and Spain, or seems to be, judging from minor examples, but of course here new churches are seldom built, so it may not be fair to judge. If one were to form an estimate on the basis of the preposterous Church of the Holy Family in Barcelona, it would be more condemnatory than could hold elsewhere in Europe, but this abortive work of misdirected genius was after all the invention of one individual, now dead, while the thing itself stands desolate and abandoned in all its pathetic absurdity. In justice to Spain and to the Catholic Church, it must be assumed that the episode was outside both orbits and is now closed.

Even if one could count on an adequate and continuing supply of Catholic architects, there is still the question of the other arts. As I have said before, England and the United States have restored the art of stained glass, but elsewhere it is either dull and third-rate copying, or as wrong-headed and poisonous as, at its worst, it is in France, Germany, Italy and Spain. Sculptors are few and far between; two or three in America, one of whom is an Englishman, one or two in France. In painting little enough in any country except, curiously enough, in the United States where there seems really the promise of something genuine and vital, and perhaps also among the Russian emigration. It is not a very encouraging prospect, yet it is dazzling compared with the conditions that held twenty-five years ago. What is the Church prepared to do, what can it do as matters stand?

Personally I am not fully persuaded of the value or effectiveness of formal training in the arts; the results of this sort of intensive education during the past hundred years are not encouraging. Art of all kinds ought to appear simultaneously (it always did) and as the result of a stimulating and crescent culture. Lacking this, as is sufficiently proved by the artistic output of a century, and accepting the situation as definite, we are driven back on the only available substitute, which is formal training and intensive education. Of course if we were to encounter a sudden and comprehensive religious awakening, with all the Christian world (and secular as well) turning Catholic, the problem would be solved by the second generation thereafter, but the

contingency is remote, and therefore, as I say, we come back to formal and scholastic training as the only visible alternative.

It is useless to expect a change of heart on the part of any of the existing schools of fine arts that would result even in a recognition of the existence of religion or a willingness to meet its needs and satisfy its demands. They are and always have been established on the basis of pre-Christian art, and they could hardly change their basic theory and their resulting technical method. At the present time they are going on from this, and logically, to an attempted expression of our present technological civilization, and doing it very well. They can only be left to do their own chosen work, but since there is now a new and growing consciousness on the part of the Christian minority, both Catholic and Protestant, of the vital necessity of art of every sort, I see nothing for it but the establishing of other schools founded on a basis that will guarantee, as far as possible, the training that may, by the grace of God, result in the production of specifically Christian art. As I have already indicated, this sort of thing is even now being done, though in a very small way. The Académie de Saint-Luc in Belgium, conducted by the Christian Brothers, and Notre Dame University in America, are the only two I know of and the latter deals with architecture alone. The supply is hardly adequate. It seems to me, therefore, and I think the proposal is pertinent to this inquiry, that it is the manifest duty of the Catholic Church to enter seriously into the fostering of all the branches of Christian art through the establishment in various parts of Europe and America, of schools and studios and workshops where the teaching is specifically Christian and founded on strictly Catholic principles. Something of the sort has already been begun in the case of music, but must the work stop here? There are other arts in even worse cases and where the demand is even greater. Will not the present Sovereign Pontiff continue the work of his illustrious predecessor and take action toward the restoration of the other arts of architecture, painting, sculpture and all the artist crafts of Christendom?

It is easy to envisage such a school. It would be established in no great capital of modernism such as Rome, Madrid, Paris, Berlin, London or New York, but in some small city still redolent of old art and environed in beauty—Siena, Segovia, Rouen, Ulm, Oxford. It would be a Catholic school under a very simple semi-monastic rule. All the arts would be united, major arts including music and minor arts down to the simplest handicrafts. It might even be organized more or less on a guild basis, with the students proceeding from apprentices to journeymen and so to masters, the "masterpiece" of each being some concrete contribution to the architecture and the embellishment of the chapel and other buildings of the school. We have seen recently in America the giving of \$5,000,000 for the establishing in a great univer-

sity of a "school of business administration" and other millions each year, uncounted millions, are expended on innumerable other schools of applied science. A tithe of these vast sums would build, equip and maintain a school of Christian art in every country in Europe and in the United States and Canada. If our sense of comparative values were not entirely lost, such schools would be in operation within a short decade.

But whether such a scheme as this is possible or not, there is another, more facile of achievement, that should certainly be put in practice, and that is some measure of proper instruction in Christian art, in secular colleges and particularly in theological seminaries. It would do little good to train artists of any sort were they not to find adequate appreciation and patronage. At present there is, not only among the clergy but in the public at large, a deplorable indifference to the claims of art, together with a wide inability to recognize its function as an integral part of the ecclesiastical organism. It is, I conceive, the duty of the Church

to see that this feature is added to the curriculum of institutions of higher learning, and that seminarians are given adequate instruction in the history and philosophy of art, and if possible some training in taste and in the discriminating between good art and bad.

It is unfortunate that this should be necessary; it is indeed a reflection on the nature and quality of our civilization, for such a thing was never needed before, but the fact remains that, whatever its implications, it is needed now and must be provided if the Catholic Church is to recover its old position as the instigator, the patron and the guardian of good art. Her record is supreme and untarnished for nearly fifteen hundred years; for the last three centuries it has been, not especially discreditable but to all intents and purposes a blank. With her rapidly gaining power over the souls of men it is imperative that she should reassume her lost leadership, not only on account of the added energy that so will accrue to her efforts toward the spiritual harmony of Christendom but as well for the immeasurable benefit of all peoples.

SUCCESSFUL FARMING IN AMERICA

By ROBERT STEWART

DURING the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, there were 53,444 bankruptcies in the United States. The number of farm bankruptcies was 5,679. The total wealth of the country is approximately \$290,000,000,000 of which \$57,000,000,000 is invested in farming. Approximately one-fifth of the wealth is invested in farming, while only one-tenth of the bankruptcies occur in that industry: farming is therefore more stable and the chances of failure are less in that line than in other lines of industry. On the basis of invested capital the chances are just twice as great for failure in other lines as in farming. There is one farmer to every 4.4 persons in other lines of work based upon the entire population, and on this basis also the rate of mortality in farm enterprises is only one-half the rate which now exists in other activities.

The outstanding result of the farm management studies in the several states of the union during the past twenty years is that many farmers are making a real business success of farming and have done so even during the past few years of farm relief agitation. A recent survey of fifty-three farms near Charleston, South Carolina, is typical of the results obtained. Thirty-three of these farms showed no profit while twelve had an average profit of \$3,367 each per year. The reason for this astonishing result was clearly brought out in the survey. While the acre investment was about the same in all cases, the successful farmers had 200 acres per farm in crops as compared with 116 acres in crops for the unsuccessful farms. On the successful farms the receipts for live stock were eight

times as great as on the unsuccessful. The successful farmers used one-third more fertilizer than the unsuccessful. The successful farmers had on the average sixty-two acres per farm in soil-building legumes, while the unsuccessful were not interested in such methods of soil improvement.

The labor expense on the successful farms was \$13.00 per \$100 of income, while on the unsuccessful it was \$44.00 per farm. The income on the poor farms was largely consumed in unprofitable labor. The farmer in this region who could so organize his enterprise as to take advantage of all known scientific information and reduce the labor cost made money, while those who could not do this did not make a profit. As in industry elsewhere, success was largely a question of efficient management.

A similar study of farming, with exactly similar results, has been made by the University of Illinois. This study was made on 175 farms in eastern central Illinois where similar climatic and crop conditions prevail. The thirty-five best farms in this group made a net income of \$3,480, which is 5.8 percent on an investment of \$60,000. The thirty-five poorest farms made a net income of \$540, a difference of \$2,940 in income for the best and poorest farmers of the district. This significant difference in net income is due largely to more efficient management. These farmers in the highest group made money because of bigger crop yields, larger amounts of live stock, superior live stock, better selection of crops, efficient marketing methods, the efficient use of power machinery, soil improvement and reduced labor costs. This evidence very clearly

demonstrates the great value of management in successful farm operations.

A study by the University of Nevada in one of the richest agricultural districts of the state gave very similar results. The study was made on thirty farms in this district. The gross farm income varied from \$492 to \$11,000 per year. The labor income is the amount of money left after all the expenses of the farm have been met, including interest at 6 percent, and is the amount of money left to compensate the farmer for labor and management. The labor income on this group of farms varied widely—from \$437 to \$8,483. Five of the farms failed to make 6 percent on the invested capital. Four of the thirty farms paid 6 percent on the invested capital and also a labor income in excess of \$2,000 per year.

The Agricultural Service, Chamber of Commerce of the United States, has tabulated the available data showing the average labor income of a number of farms in the United States. This service defines the "labor income" as "all cash receipts from the farms, minus all cash expenses, an allowance for family labor and a 'fair' return on operator's investment." In addition to this the farm furnishes free rent, part of the food consumed by the farm family and part, if not all, of the fuel consumed in the house. These later items consume a large part of the income of the city dweller.

In New York state fifty-one farmers made an average labor income of \$1,055 but one farmer made a labor income of \$4,871. In Florida 120 farmers made an average labor income of \$807, but one farmer made a labor income of \$19,925. In Missouri thirteen farmers made a labor income of \$1,412 but one farmer made \$3,635. In New Mexico fifteen farmers made a labor income of \$2,190 but one farmer made a labor income of \$5,000. In Colorado twenty-five farmers made a labor income of \$2,771 but one farmer made a labor income of \$12,187. These returns are in addition to a fair return on the money invested in the farm enterprise. Many farmers are making good money and are in no way interested in the proposed schemes for farm relief.

The truth of the matter is that many farmers in the country are better off financially than they are given credit for being. There are fewer failures in farming than in other lines of activity. The opportunity in farming for making a business success is probably greater than in most other fields for the man who possesses the necessary managerial ability and the necessary capital for investment.

Why is it that there is such a wide variation in the returns obtained by farmers in the same region where climatic and other crop factors are so very similar? Is it possible to evaluate these factors? Let us make an effort to do so.

Take, for example, the case of the 120 farms that were investigated in Florida. One of them made good interest on the invested capital, and in addition made

\$19,925 per year for his services as farm manager. Eighteen made good interest on their capital investment and an additional \$5,512 for services as manager. Twenty-two farmers, however, failed to make interest on their investment by \$1,350, and received nothing for their services. One farmer worked for nothing and failed to make interest by \$3,586. These results were obtained by farmers in Florida during the year 1923, one of the years of agricultural depression. Farming is the only activity in the world where the business can show a loss and the operator still remain in business. This is due to the fact that while the farmer receives nothing for his labor, a low interest return is received on a high valuation of farm property.

In New York state fifty-one farmers made an average labor income of \$1,065 in 1922, but one farmer paid all expenses including good interest on his investment and had \$4,871 left for his services as manager, while another farmer failed to make interest on his investment by \$2,807, and worked the entire year for nothing.

In Iowa in 1921, 237 farmers made a labor income of minus \$402, but one individual farmer paid all expenses on his farm, including good interest on his investment, and had \$3,548 left over for his services; another farmer failed to make expenses by \$5,852.

In 1926, however, 238 farmers in Iowa made an average labor income of \$1,378, while twenty-five farmers made all expenses, including good interest, and had \$3,403 left over for their services: twenty-five farmers failed to make expenses by \$569. Conditions in the corn belt apparently have been steadily unpromising since the low year of 1920.

It is quite evident from the data presented that there is excellent opportunity in farming for the right man to make money. The illustration of successful farmers cited indicates that they are making as much of a success of farming as could be expected in any line of activity that they might engage in. There are failures and successes in all lines of human activity and it always will be so. It is futile and misleading to cite average results in farming as evidence of a decadent industry, just as it would be misleading to give the average results in other lines of activity as evidence of the health of that industry.

It is futile to consider the farm situation on the basis of average conditions. It is certainly entirely misleading to say that "the migration from the farm to the city has been going on at the rate of 2,000,000 a year ever since 1922." Neither the facts nor the implications the reader is expected to draw from such a statement are correct.

The facts in the case are easily obtained. The gross movement of farm population to the city in 1922 was 2,000,000, but the movement of city population to the farm was 1,120,000, which puts an entirely different aspect on the situation. The corresponding results for the four years 1924-1927 are as follows:

Year	From Farm to City	From City to Farm	Net Loss to Farm
1924.....	2,075,000	1,396,000	679,000
1925.....	1,900,000	1,066,000	834,000
1926.....	2,155,000	1,135,000	1,020,000
1927.....	1,978,000	1,374,000	604,000
	8,108,000	4,971,000	3,137,000

The implication that the farm has been losing population at the rate of 2,000,000 per year is entirely misleading. During the four-year period analyzed above there were over eight million people who left the farm, but nearly five million returned, which is quite a different matter. Furthermore, this movement of population includes men, women and children, and does not necessarily mean farmers. The number of farmers in the United States has changed but little in the past twenty-five years. According to the census of the United States there were 6,361,502 farmers in 1910, 6,448,343 in 1920 and 6,371,640 in 1925. What the number of farmers is now no one knows or will know until the 1930 census is taken. Neither has there been any marked increase in tenancy during the period. The census of 1910 indicates that 3,354,897 farmers operated their own farms; in 1920, 3,366,510 operated their own farms; in 1925 the number was 3,313,490.

Facts are stubborn things. They do not indicate any widespread distress in the agricultural industry, and certainly do not imply that agriculture is rapidly approaching a state of penury.

During the past ten years 1,500,000 workers have been dropped from the payrolls of factories, railroads and other types of industrial employment because of mechanization and changes in the consumers' demands. During the same time, 1,250,000 workers have found a new kind of employment in the automotive industry, in garages, service stations and so on. These numbers refer to actual workers, and do not include dependents, as do the numbers dealing with the movement of the population from the farm. Farm families are usually very large. The net loss of 3,000,000 in farm population during the years 1924-1927 probably indicate a net loss of 600,000 workers. The "flight from the factory" is therefore greater than from the farm.

Again facts are stubborn things. The facts are that approximately the same number of farmers now as in 1910 are producing food so efficiently and successfully that they are supplying the needs of 20,000,000 more consumers with far less human labor. The marked mechanization of the farm, as in industry, during the past few years has released a large amount of human labor which has sought employment elsewhere.

Many individual farmers are highly successful, and the recorded facts indicate that the industry as a whole is on the highway to success. There are misfits, failures and bankruptcies in agriculture, and always will be, just as there are everywhere, but there is really a smaller chance for failure in agriculture than in other lines of industry.

THE IVORY TOWER

By PAUL BUSSARD

THE qualities of creatures are sufficiently difficult to account for in any case. But everyone admitted some strangeness in the process which had made this man a person whose fame went somewhat further than the water's edge. As he sat at vesper time flicking pebbles into the brook, Pierrot and Columbine regarded his face of cameo clearness, the strong cleanness of his fingers; and Pierrot and Columbine, even they, admitted some strangeness in the process which had made this young man a poet, whose fame went somewhat further than the edge of the water, into which flowed the brook on whose bank they sat at vesper time.

Being engaged at the moment with a new sheaf of poems in which he was lamenting the loneliness and isolation of the human soul, the young poet had been almost goaded into rhetoric by Pierrot's remark that such isolation might well engage his power of praise rather than stimulate his weakness for sadness.

"Pierrot," the poet continued, "it may be that I respect your wisdom, but here in the presence of the beauty of Columbine, on which it is absurdly facile to meditate, I cannot permit the observation that incarceration is in any way a boon; because, while you say it, I myself writhe in my own isolation like the witch's eel enclosed in a bottle. And this I do more because I cannot tell you why I manage to continue the performance."

The poet selected a pebble from his left hand and flicked it neatly into the brook, on whose bank sat Columbine tinkering with a lute. Pierrot lay at full length on his back with his hands clasped behind his head and one knee upraised. His eyes wandered across the sky in search for the first star of the evening. When it appeared shining clear in the west Pierrot said:

"Yours is a common sickness, well known and well lamented by many of your fellows. They have been at it complainingly these hundreds of years. There is primely the one who meditates it and sheds his tears with some decorum. Nextly, there is he who makes his threnody sometimes with appropriate rhythm. Other some have essayed a cure of the sickness by a laying on of hands. Then there were those in olden time who evaded the issue by various sorts of curious manglements; one cut his throat, one went to war and one choked the baker's daughter."

"But, Pierrot, see the anguish of the thing. Here is one who loves a woman, who is quite prodigal in the expression of the eternity of his attraction. And withal, what does he love beyond eyes and a mouth, and a manner of making words with it? And build what bridges he may—does he make words till his mouth is dry, or music till the stars are troubled, or pictures till Dame Nature herself is disturbed with his rivalry—he may not pass over. She remains as unknown to him as the next one, and he to her. Souls are not communicable; and in such brevity of phrase you may find much agony and tears and the cause of countless monstrosities since the race of the world began."

Pierrot raised the other knee, and after scratching his left eyebrow with the nail of his little finger, he turned him sideways to look at Columbine. Said Pierrot: "Columbine, my dear, leave off fingering the neck of that unlovely instrument for the moment, and say for us the paragraph I once read you from a book. It goes, let me see—'and that too is a grief' and then something about Perion."

Columbine looked in the eyes of the poet. Her voice was vibrant and tremulous as the strings she had the moment before been softly stroking. Said Columbine:

"'But I cannot put aside the thought that I, who for the while exist in this mortgaged body, cannot ever get out to you. There is no way in which two persons may meet in this world of men: we can but exchange, from afar, friendly despairing signals in the sure knowledge they will be misinterpreted. . . . No soul may travel upon a bridge of words. Indeed, there is no word for my foiled huge desire to love and to be loved, just as there is no word for the big, the not quite comprehended thought which is moving in me at this moment. But that thought also is a grief.'"

"It is not to be discounted that the rhythm of prose is certainly more subtle, and comes more soundingly from a woman's lips than the stricked rhymes of the poets," said Pierrot willing to remove the embarrassment of the eyes of Columbine from their guest.

When the guest had shifted the pebbles into his other hand, raising his head, Pierrot, who thought he was about to speak, said quickly to Columbine, "And the other one, my dear, which goes, 'her hands slipping.'"

"'Her hands slipped slowly off Lingard's shoulders and her arms fell by her side listless, discouraged, as if to her—to her, the savage, violent and ignorant creature—had been revealed in that moment the tremendous fact of our isolation, of the loneliness impenetrable and transparent, elusive and everlasting; of the indestructible loneliness that surrounds, envelops, clothes every human soul from the cradle to the grave, and, perhaps beyond.'"

Columbine's voice trailed softly away and mingled with the murmur of the brook as she uttered the last words, for, truth to say, Columbine was not quite certain about the beyond.

"And yet," said the poet, "you jest at this which is the essence of sorrow. You play the fool about the curtained throne of that sombre queen who rules, and metes out sadness with her right hand and with her left."

Said Pierrot smiling, "Ho, I would assuredly fancy the spectacle of you and your merchant of plumber's tools meeting upon the bridge! Could souls go forth, there would undoubtedly be doughty deeds in the countryside. And I would rather decline the privilege of any rustic keeper of swine to trample the flowers in the soul of Columbine. And, if you permit the observation, I dare say the mergement of you and me would make but a hasty pudding."

"Hee!" said the poet, but before the words came out of his mouth, Pierrot continued, wondering the while at the increasing number of stars: "There was in another time a man who busied himself in teaching people of such density they called their teacher dunce. Among more serious things, he taught them the thing that makes a person a person is just his incommunicability, no more, no less. And if, as you desire, souls might journey forth, against or with their will, they must needs be made mightily poor in soul stuff."

"Mehercle!" said the poet, "It is even as you say. I perceive that man is a fool. Lifting his tiny hands to Him Who made also the stars, he cries the Artist to turn his figures to a dump of clay. After the fashion of the one who sold his rights for a bowl of porridge, he would walk out of the ivory palace, hung with tapestries, windowed with jewels, to lay down in any swine house he might chance upon along the way."

Pierrot raised himself to brace his back against the tree.

In the east the moon was rising like a golden bubble in a beaker of wine. In the soft light he held his hand before his face and peered questioningly at his finger nails. Then he said:

"At another and wiser time on the earth there were men desiring to circumvent the devil of loneliness within them, but in a different wise. Such was their foresight they plainly perceived that their success in passing into the house of another's soul could, in the end, be but a meagre exploration. And as for a laying on of hands, even their shallowest saw that it could accomplish but nothing. So they made a paradox—a man is less lonely alone. Then you might have seen those men in solitary places; a cave, a sheltering rock on the mountain, a wretched hut in the valley, became for them the tiring-room of heaven. Their living thus was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives proof of their crafty judgment. And it is said they spent not a small amount of their abundant leisure in contriving fitting ways of thanking God for having made them lonely."

"That age was superstitious," said the poet, avoiding the glance of Columbine's eyes, "and it was but a short time then since men had left off playing with cocoanuts."

"By Venus!" said Pierrot, "Your man has funny customs. He is too much with himself in the ivory tower. So he sets about contriving sounding epithets and curious speeches in which he commands the Author, 'if there be an Author,' to reëdit His published works; insisting that in the proposed edition He picture the plot on the cover, evidently to obviate the need of burdensome reading. Only to those who have knees to bend is it given to realize the wonderment and undeserved grandeur that comes with the ability to pronounce the syllable 'I.' Your man is a child who has been given a most wondrous jewel from Him Who gave him everything else. And having amused himself for a while, he finds its brilliance hurtful to his shallow eyes. So forthwith he betakes himself to the nearest pigsty and busies himself with casting it in the slime, where by chance it may suffer allurements to the admiring snout of some vagrant swine. Indisputably man is a curious creature."

The poet rose to his feet. He took the lute from Columbine and held it in the brook until its quaintly shaped body was quite filled with water. Clearly he was a man taken with the necessity of gesture. Having looked at the stars for a brief space, he poured out the water on the ground.

"Oh God," he said, "Who made me with such subtle wisdom that I am tricked into complaining of my greatness, this libation of water to the earth which I have hitherto despised, upon which I will, in coming days, walk with more wary feet."

And bowing hastily to Pierrot and handing the lute to Columbine without smiling, the poet hurried away toward the east. His figure was soon gone behind a double row of trees whose branches were dripping with the golden light of the moon, whose massive trunks were slightly curved in her horizontal beams—an effect which architects have often observed and used to great advantage in designing pillars.

Epitaph of an Actress

Here lies one
Who gave her life to art;
Her dream of heaven:
A fat, congenial part.

LE BARON COOKE.

COMMUNICATIONS

LET THE QUESTION BE DISCUSSED

Reading, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Your dry correspondent from a rather moist state chides The Commonwealth for not devoting more space to the question of the hour. May I be permitted a little space for a few random thoughts on the subject?

Prohibitionists generally link up the Anti-saloon League with Almighty God. For instance, Dr. Russell, the reputed founder of the League, publicly stated that "The Anti-saloon League was begun by Almighty God." If this be true may I respectfully and reverently ask what Almighty God was doing between the time of the creation of the world and the year 1832 when He founded the League?

In 1893, Dr. Russell was introduced to a church audience in the following manner: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John; it is equally true there was a man sent from God whose name was Russell." Modest and unassuming as he was, Dr. Russell made the following humble comment: "In the awed silence of my heart, I was compelled to believe the statement true." What have these facts to do with the present-day controversy? Simply this, they plainly show that present-day dry fanaticism is nothing new—it being a congenital characteristic of the movement.

The Anti-saloon League in pre-prohibition days continually stressed the fact that with the passing of the saloon, crime would go the way of all flesh. Its official organ—the American Issue—is authority for the statement that "the saloon produces 80 percent of the criminals in the country." The saloon is gone and with it should have gone 80 percent of the criminals. And yet, crime is increasing at such an alarming rate that one might almost be led to the grotesque conclusion that the saloon placed a salutary restraint on the criminal.

Prohibitionists flatly deny that they took advantage of the war "to put over" the Eighteenth Amendment. Well, the official organ of the League—the American Issue—frankly stated that "the spirit of service and self-sacrifice exemplified in an efficient and loyal staff made it possible to take advantage of the war situation and of the confusion which He Whom we serve has wrought among our enemies." Born in confusion it seems destined to die in confusion.

The American Issue, prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, went on record as follows: "The Anti-saloon League believes in self-government. It has faith enough in its cause to be willing to submit it to the arbitrament of the majority." The fact remains, however, that the League never once willingly allowed the people to pass on the question directly. For instance, Representative Mann of Illinois proposed that ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment be by conventions in the states. The League defeated this proposal, ostensibly because if it was to be ratified by conventions, this would necessarily bring the question directly before the people in the election of delegates to these conventions. When Senator Sheppard introduced a prohibition bill for the District of Columbia, Senator Underwood asked that the people of the District be allowed to pass on the question by means of a referendum. The Anti-saloon League defeated this proposal. Governor Smith asked that the people of his state be allowed to pass on the question of ratification through a referendum. The League opposed and defeated this proposal. Attempts have been made to secure a national referendum

on the question since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment but the League has frustrated every such attempt. In Massachusetts last fall the League even resorted to court action in an attempt to prevent the citizens of this state from voting on the question of repeal. The Boston Bar Association recently had a poll on the question and the League did everything possible to discredit the Boston Bar for taking this action. The League at present is attempting to prevent the people of the state of Illinois from having an opportunity to express their opinion on the merits of prohibition. The League was successful in accomplishing this result recently in Missouri. More evidence on this point I might cite, but why haul coals to Newcastle?

These random thoughts on this much discussed question lead one to the following conclusions:

1. That the dry movement in its origin and growth and old age is essentially and basically rooted in the quicksands of hysteria and fanaticism.
2. That its fantastic claim that prohibition would bring about a moral regeneration in American life is refuted by the greatest exponent of the "noble experiment"—Mr. Hoover.
3. That the League and sponsors of the dry movement have absolutely no faith in their paper prohibition majorities—but on the contrary have an unhealthy fear of the voice of the people.

The tide is running against the "noble experiment." So much so, that Khayyam may soon become a "best seller."

JAMES J. DESMOND.

FATHER MONROE

Wrangell, Alaska.

TO the Editor:—I have not the pleasure of receiving The Commonwealth, and in the little town of southeastern Alaska where I am now, very few would be expected to read your highly literary review. So April was coming to its end before I heard that in your number of April 10 you had consecrated three pages of your review to eulogize an old missionary of Alaska, dead today, Father Monroe.

I was informed of it from several points between Lower California and northern Alaska; our old Alaskans are today scattered all over the Pacific coast. Ten days more passed before I could procure this number of The Commonwealth. And then I wondered at the beautiful things Mr. Walter R. Hudson had to say about this Father Monroe; but, frankly, I could not recognize myself at all. Of course I mused in winter, I tramped in summer, hundreds of miles along Alaska trails. I camped many nights with fortune companions I had never seen before, and did not expect to see again. They were Tom, Harry, Walter, Big Alec, Windy Jim; very few I knew by their real name; and of the name of Mr. Walter Hudson I regret to have no remembrance.

I do not doubt that the gentleman met many of our fathers in northern Alaska. He mentions Father Jetté; certainly he knew Father Judge, and perhaps also Father Treca, Father Rossi and others whom God has called to their reward. They were well known in Alaska; and I would not dare to compare myself to these heroes of charity and self-sacrifice.

In writing Mr. Hudson certainly thought of them, but as he had room for one name only in his story he took mine, and made me an Irishman. Unhappily mine is not the Irish

brogue. I am a Frenchman. I could not conceal it if I wanted to.

Mr. Hudson made me die on the field of my labors; well, I have been thirty-six years in Alaska; I must have been past forty when he met me; so he could well suppose that I was dead. However, the news of my demise is premature. Thanks to God I enjoy very good health yet, and would feel able for a good run after huskies were I back to upper Alaska.

Could I ask you to correct the impression that some of your readers who may have known me in Alaska may have formed from the reading of your number of April 10, and let them know that Father Monroe of Alaska is yet alive?

Perhaps some more of your readers will feel interested in hearing of our labors in Alaska. There is plenty of work to do here, and the friends of our missions do not need to come here to help to do it. If only they could supply us with the means we need and have not, they would multiply our efforts, and reap a great part of the merits due to the good we would be able to achieve.

Wrangell is much admired by the tourists that crowd in Alaska every summer. The town is pretty, and the scenery is beautiful, but my church is poor, and badly needs renovating if not rebuilding. We should also have schools for natives here—we have none on the coast. It is a pity; without them we cannot do half the work we should otherwise be able to do. We are too poor.

FATHER MONROE, S.J.

THE FUNERAL OF FOCH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I read with interest in your issue of May 15 Mr. Gouverneur Paulding's article, *The Funeral of Foch*; but I wonder what he fully means by saying that "Catholics must not leave the honor of arms to be defended by the Japanese and the Moslems." Does he imply the omen of a coming oriental terror? As one who comes from a race which bows to no nation in the "honor of arms" and which received the last public message given out by Marshal Foch, praising it for this very thing, I have not much faith in that phrase as an ideal to be observed. Marshal Foch's is merely a soldier's message.

I remember how thrilled I was as a boy to see the Enniskillen Dragoons and Munster Fusiliers swinging by on parade, carbines gleaming and dressed deliberately in garb that would appeal to the youth of my race. I have no regrets that I did not succumb to this false glamour of alien empire, though, unhappily, thousands of my countrymen took my place. Today those who are left know in bitterness what the honor of arms means. They know that from such a pompous premise the world every now and then sets forth to prove something or other; and one wonders what it proves. What did the Allies prove to Germany or she to the Allies, other than the fact that misguided mortals can still maim and destroy one another? By all means let us keep up with the Moslems—our Janissary Joneses; but as long as we rejoice in the honor of arms, so long perhaps shall we suffer from the dishonor of wars.

In my own sense, I agree with Mr. Paulding when he says that "war is one thing and the selfless soldier is another," and indeed so much another that under the hysteria of war I doubt if there is such a phenomenon as a selfless soldier, whether he be dragged in by the draft or lured in by lies about the enemy. Deciding to yield to neither, he goes to prison—the patriotic *cul de sac*. In a more literal connotation, not

only is a soldier selfless but he is less every faculty that marks a rational being, save that it be the primitive, and not solely rational, one of self-preservation, where he certainly spoils everything by his supreme selfishness.

Are we never to grow up about this? I trust some psychologist or some sort of logist will soon try to get to the bottom of those strange and empty euphemisms we mortals give to wars and the rumors of wars. 'Tis time for humanity to rid itself of such benighted bugaboos. And "apostles of Christ" appeals to some of us more than does "soldiers of Christ." Somehow I think of Peter the Apostle, that kind and humble fisherman with the heart of fire, who trembled with a burning anger when he struck the servant of the high priest with his drawn sword. Noble Peter! And Christ, his Master, chided him and told him to put back the sword.

But perhaps (to the scorers and sceptics) I argue for the ideal world, where men will trust and love one another.

THOMAS HEALY.

AGAINST AGGRESSIVE DEFENSE

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editor:—Please: *je vous en prie*; I beg of you! do not publish letters such as that from Atlantic City in your issue of May 1. That "direct action" is nonsense. The idea is repugnant to religion. The man thinks as a militarist. Furthermore, you forget that minorities never can argue or debate in the manner of majorities.

Re Mexico: one can study Mexico fairly well here. De la Huerta, Popete, Valenzuela, etc., etc., live here. We have Mexican dailies, and we are the largest Mexican city save for Mexico City.

First: The Mexicans are all Catholics, but here there are not enough of them who go to church to make a good congregation. It seems (I do not wish to be dogmatic) that religion means very little to them. And I gather from discussions with Mexicans of the better class that the absence of clergy does not affect the people's emotions to any appreciable degree—that is, the people of Mexico.

Secondly: Is not the Church somehow to blame? What methods did it use? What system did it follow? We know that moral conditions among the clergy were by no means bad. We know that on the whole the clergy were not greedy. Yet they were out of contact at many points with their people.

Thirdly: I know that we laymen are handicapped in this matter. We cannot publicly criticize the insane actions of the Knights of Columbus that would have us intervene. But could not Father Duffy or someone be secured to write gently a few intimations that, though Calles is a murderer, etc. (of course he is) nevertheless the tragedy might teach some good and perhaps needed lessons?

Fourthly: What do the 20,000 priests of this country do intellectually? In the course of a year do the pages of articles, etc., by the whole army total 1,000?

The Commonwealth is doing good work. Keep it up.

W. A. BIXEL.

Port Deposit, Md.

TO the Editor:—I wish respectfully to lodge my protest at your publication of W. M. F. Connelly's letter in your issue of May 1. It is distinctly out of place in your usually courteous and thoughtful columns. Why publish such a piece of ill-considered, fanatical eye-wash, as inexpensive as it is idiotic and an affront to your intelligent readers?

CONRAD REID.

SONNETS

Portrait Impression: Unknown Woman

O Lucifer, bright star; archangel; fiend;
 For your too wanton pride the word was spoken
 Whereby your boast was tamed, your power broken.
 The sons of heaven, blanched with terror, leaned
 To see you fall, and many leaned too far.
 A downward-curving bolt crawls over space,
 Millenniums elapse to mark the pace
 Of doom. From every creature-laden star

Lucifer gathers splendor. Endlessly
 Streaming through utter darkness; lengthening
 In brilliance, mighty Lucifer on wing;
 Never to be remembered, never to be
 Permanent, immortal. And I but one
 Of your nameless sparks—into oblivion.

MARGARET TOD RITTER.

The Bells of Croatia

Croatia lowered all her steeple bells
 At war's demands—her loved bronze-mellow chimes;
 Symbols of peace from immemorial times—
 And gave them to be molded into shells.
 It was an offering supreme—no more
 Could country ask of any loyal Croat!
 In this one sacrificial act, he tore
 The great sweet tongue from out a nation's throat.

But now again a happy people brings
 New bells and hangs them in the slim white towers,
 Where to the startled whirr of pigeon wings,
 To laughter, tears, to high-flung showers
 Of roses, to benisons, to prayers
 Once more they ring in all the village squares.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

On a Change of Scene

A man may live too long among black hills
 That darken all the changes of the year,
 Whose darkness is a brooding shape that fills
 His sky with shadow and his mind with fear—
 Until his heart will come to make too much
 Of level lands whose radiance runs away
 To edges that the blue sky bends to touch,
 On far and trembling borderlands of day.

And going back among his hills again,
 Touched with the difference that a dream will make,
 He is no more the same man among men,
 But solitary for a wide dream's sake,
 He bears within heart, by day . . . by night . . .
 A land he saw, once, beautiful with light.

DAVID MORTON.

Psychology Prof.

Man is an animal with odd complexes
 This whiskered Nessus balefully asserts;
 With inhibitions, manias and sexes
 He shrives all men in Herculean shirts.
 Intelligence is but a blind reaction
 And soul's a preacher's prank to make men shiver—
 Man's immortality is putrefaction.
 The Greeks were right: and love comes from the liver.

With formulae of mystic flatulence
 He gives us mental tests replete with tricks
 And numbers deftly each intelligence,
 Like sad Cassandra sorting lunatics.
 Of course, his motives might be called ulterior:
 He makes the test to prove himself superior!

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

Answer

Because you fight life gaily, knowing it
 Needs to be fought to be loved. Because you
 Do not harden, do not become a bit
 Less tender. Because in the old and new
 Guises of life you see the ancient scheme
 Outwardly changed—and recognize an old
 Ruse of war. Because the only good dream
 Of brimming each hour with the finer gold

Of taking and giving is yours surely.
 Because in the demand of your own needs
 You find time for mine, and from the poorly
 Cared field of my heart strip out the tall weeds.
 Because it seems to me the only true
 Roadway on earth to follow—I love you.

BERT COOKSLEY.

Star-Dust

Star-dust is drifting in uncharted space,
 Where not one sun makes luminous the void;
 Chaotic star-dust, streaming tenuous lace,
 Meanders vaguely amid worlds destroyed.
 Nebulous clouds, black in black emptiness,
 Tumbling and swirling in unconquered night,
 Are forged and hammered into comeliness,
 Rounded and molded into globes of light.

Something from nothing; born of space and time,
 Vast suns, great planets, tread the frontier trails,
 Adding their voices to the chant sublime:
 "Star-dust to star-dust, and the Word prevails."
 Cosmos to cosmos, through unreeling years,
 The Master Workman builds through smiles and tears.

ELIOT KAYS STONE.

BOOKS

Morals, in Three Parts

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THIS book offers a solution to the problem of morality in a world which has rejected the guidance and sanctions of traditional beliefs, yet feels the need of a religion. The modern man who has lost all confidence in the faith of his fathers is besieged with difficulties. Upon what basis can he organize his life? What meaning can he give to virtue? What is the nature of modern morality? Mr. Lippmann's work is written for those who find themselves in this quandary, and who are honestly seeking some guiding principle in the conduct of their lives. "Among those who no longer believe in the religion of their fathers," he says, "some are proudly defiant and many are indifferent. But there are also a few, perhaps an increasing number, who feel that there is a vacancy in their lives. This inquiry deals with their problem."

A Preface to Morals is divided into three parts. The first is devoted to a discussion of what Mr. Lippmann calls the ancestral order. In these chapters he discusses the causes and consequences of that break-up of authority and tradition which has produced the moral and intellectual confusion of our day. The second part is devoted to the foundations of humanism, and consists of an attempt to show that the insight of the sages as to how man may find peace and happiness in himself, is now confirmed by the researches of modern psychology. The third part is an attempt to show that a true insight into the nature of modern industry, politics and sexual relations leads to the conclusion that what the sages meant by "high religion," what the philosophers call "disinterestedness," what the psychologists call "matured personality," are the same ideal.

Mr. Lippmann wields his pen with the skill of a virtuoso. The vigor of his style compels attention and drives home his views with telling effect. An honest man who stands in the world today bereft of his belief in the fundamentals of all Christian civilization cannot escape the thoughts which take form under Mr. Lippmann's pen—thoughts about the ethics of business, the family, science, immortality, virtue and success.

This work is well named *A Preface to Morals*, for it aims to give a philosophy of life which its author hopes will lead to the justification of morality. The urge to live a good life is universally felt, but to justify it without the convictions that religion alone can give has always been a baffling problem for philosophers. Cardinal Newman, in a famous passage of the *Apologia*, allows his thoughts to dwell upon the chaos of human life, its inequalities, its injustices, and he concludes that man has strayed from his path and abandoned his God. Mr. Lippmann prefers the alternative which Newman rejects, namely, that there is no personal God, no creator, no providence. Life has no guiding principle save human needs, refined and elevating needs, no doubt, yet essentially human needs.

Religion is in no sense the link between the creature and his Creator but the service of man to his fellow-man, the disinterested striving for values which are eternal and immortal in the sense that they belong to the realm of the spirit and therefore do not fall within the categories of time and death. Mr. Lippmann's religion differs little from the philosophical idealism of his teachers, James, Royce and Santayana. It is the religion of the spirit, the cult of the highest ideals of earthly life, a religion without God and the hope of a future

life. Whatever ease and comfort this may give to the "emancipated" thinkers of our day, many who feel that it is evanescent, chimerical and vacuous can still find hopeful confidence and full promise in revealed religion. Not, of course, in that travesty of revealed religion which makes of God a monarchical despot governing His universe by an arbitrary rule (that is, unfortunately, the picture of the Christian God which Mr. Lippmann paints) but in the God whose love "moves the sun in the heavens and all the stars."

Advanced views on progressive industrialism are in favor with Mr. Lippmann, one of whose basic assumptions in this work appears to be that "modernity," is an inevitable result of the progress of humanity and is consequently sound. Into this forward movement all systems of morality must either be made to fit or to acknowledge their obsolescence. It does not occur to Mr. Lippmann that it is just possible our civilization has gone astray and that, in the words of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, we must go backward for a running start before we can clear the chasm opened by the conflict of ideas and tendencies in modern life.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Revamping Stendhal

Stendhal, by Paul Hazard; translated by Eleanor Hard. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. \$3.00.

IT IS very much the fashion at present to follow in the tracks of Huneker and express unqualified approval of Henri Beyle, the Grenoblois who became generally known by one of his many pseudonyms, Stendhal, and whose life spanned that period of falling houses and ideals from 1783, when the French Revolution was still on the horizon, to well toward the middle of the nineteenth century when the reaction to the Romantic movement was getting under way. Beyle himself paved the way very adroitly for the cult of the Beylists; he said he would commence to come into his own in 1880, thus assuring those who were to read him that they were modern of the moderns. His dedication of *La Chartreuse de Parme*—"To the happy few"—was designed to tickle the ego; and we know that it has succeeded. To speak ill of Beyle (or to call certain of his characteristics by their right names) as Jean Carrère does in *Les Mauvais Maîtres*, is counter to the time-spirit, and all one gets for the trouble is a barrage of epithets in which the word "smug" figures prominently. Some of the Victorians made the mistake of thinking that man was made for morality; in our reaction we deny that morality can be made to serve man. And in denying this we have prohibited criticism of Stendhal in any derogatory sense.

Paul Hazard is modern of the moderns in his biography of Beyle. His attitude throughout is the attitude of Herbert Asbury toward his gangsters in *The Gangs of New York*: one of amused wonder. He never lets you forget that he is dealing with a droll figure, and, as was the case with Maurois in *Ariel*, it is virtually impossible for the reader to conceive of the droll hero getting down to work with paper and ink and writing the books for which he has become justly famous. Stendhal is set before you very cleverly by Mr. Hazard, but always as a dandy, or a flâneur, or an epicure, or an arriviste, or an amatist, or a sceptic. Stendhal, the worker, the masterful psychologist, the innovator in literary form, is sadly skimmed, and we are not even told of his practice of copying the Code of Napoléon to form his style. We are present in Grenoble during the young mocker's childhood and youth, and

we are rather annoyed, as is M. Hazard, with the tutors and relatives that Hunecker, no doubt, would have included in his category of "fog-fed owls." We can see how Henri had such affection for Grandfather Gagnon, the man of the eighteenth century, and in all truth, and despite Carrère, we can sympathize with the youth who was not precisely comfortable in the presence of Cherubin Beyle, his father. When Henri goes to Paris, across Europe to Moscow and back, to Marseilles, to Italy, M. Hazard is the most amusing of cicerones. We witness Beyle's troubles with his various inamoratas and with the Austrian police; we steam with him in Civitá Vecchia at his consulate. But we do not sit with him as he brings Julien Sorel or Fabrice del Dongo to such amazing life that whatever they may indulge in the way of improbable and romantic gestures (Stendhal has been called an inverted Dumas) is always psychologically plausible.

No; in writing the easy, the deft and flippant modern biography about Stendhal, M. Hazard has given us but three-quarters of a man. In thirty pages, masterly for their compression and point, Lytton Strachey has set the curious animal, Beyle, before us in cycle: the man, the stylist, the psychologist; the torn soul who combined "the emotionalism of a schoolgirl with the cold penetration of a judge on the bench."

And even Strachey chooses to gloss that aspect of Stendhal which so moved Carrère to cool disparagement. We can sympathize with Strachey for the neglect. After all, we cannot know in any ultimate sense whether the young Beyle hated his father, and all the "ins" of whatever era (unless they chanced to put Machiavelli into practice) out of pure cussedness and inhumanity, or for some perfectly valid reason. We can answer Carrère's charge that Julien Sorel is a horrible example by showing that fundamentally kind men, like Floyd Dell, have drawn much comfort from *Le Rouge et Le Noir*. But, with Carrère, we can do this: we can point out that Stendhal's fine analyses of human nature do not necessarily invalidate human nature, even though Beyle was prone to think so. We can realize that the way of life of the egotist who foreshadowed Nietzsche was a selfish way—which is what Waldo Frank evidently realizes when he speaks rather cryptically of the "atomism" of Stendhal. And we can do all this without casting any aspersions upon the craftsmanship of the man who wrote the first modern novels. We can stress his penetration, his nervous precision—and hope for a few twentieth-century geniuses who will combine these attributes with the attitude, say, of Lewis Mumford.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

The Tragic Queen

Marie Antoinette, by the Marquis de Ségur; translated from the French by Mary Caroline Watt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.

THE basic treatment of Marie Antoinette by the Marquis de Ségur is a most unhappy one despite its sanction by numerous other writers. There is here no immediate question of iconoclasm of hero worship but, more fundamental still, the question as to why this particular book was written. At least those who free their protagonist from the distorting mists of time and legend and reveal the character as human, fallible and not always admirable, give a different, if forced and dubious, portrait. But this newest biography of the unfortunate Austrian focuses no new lights on the events that relentlessly impelled her to doom nor on the motivating forces in the queen's character which did so much to shape the early

years of the French Revolution. The author, indeed, takes cognizance of the fact that he deals with oft-repeated circumstances by giving them no place in his book. The affair of the diamond necklace is practically dismissed with the statement that "it is not necessary to relate in detail in these pages all the well-known story, which has, moreover, been so well told by a first-rate historian."

It is hoped that the Marquis was here referring to Hilaire Belloc, whose Marie Antoinette must stand as her most complete and faithful delineation as well as one of the most fascinating biographies written. Unfortunately, until new and important material (the existence of which is most improbable) is discovered, Belloc has said the final word.

Stylistically the translation by Mary Caroline Watt has preserved the graceful structure of the Marquis's French but in strictly adhering to the original script she has allowed the mistakes of French publishers to be recommitted in the English editions. One does not need the author to declare that his book is a collection of essays and lectures. That is too evident by the mere titling of chapters—Accession and Coronation, The Era of Folly, The Heart of a Queen, The Queen and the Ministers, The Queen and Foreign Affairs. All such statements as "I am not conspicuously courageous but I am fairly clear-sighted. When, therefore, I was asked to treat of the queen's history, in this place, I foresaw, as may be imagined, innumerable objections and difficulties," should be relegated to a preface.

Nevertheless the author has provided an interesting—what account of such a dramatic and glamorous epoch could fail to be interesting?—conventional story. Frankly he admitted no hope "to reveal new characteristics." His quotations from Marie Antoinette's papers and those of Mercy Argenteau are among the better-known extracts. It is thus that he falls into the error of accepting letters, carefully written to create a certain impression in the recipient's mind, as truly indicative of actualities. Yet his sincere desire "to be strictly just and truthful in according both praise and blame" is always apparent. Even if he loses opportunities for dramatic and emotional passages he has succeeded in being impassioned, which many regard as a necessary state for a biographer.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Of the People

Round Up: The Stories of Ring W. Lardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

AS EVERYONE knows, the phenomenon of the appreciation of Mr. Lardner has more than one side. There is the articulate side contributed, in a growing volume of discriminating and deeply respectful praise, by our most distinguished critics; and there is the inarticulate side contributed by the large buying public which confines itself to saying, "This guy is good!" One need not be merely perverse to feel that the last comment is sounder. The sources of Mr. Lardner's art lie deeper than phonographic representations of pronunciation and idiom, or questions of technical effectiveness, or even irony of intention. And just because the best criticism—honorably eager to acclaim popular art, and perhaps a little self-conscious and excessive as a result—has analyzed these matters of realism and skill and trenchancy so admirably, it is apt to narrow the appreciation of that art much more sharply than does the deep, unformulated acquiescence of the mob.

For, ruling out the admitted facts that Mr. Lardner is

often uproariously funny, and that he knows how to tell a story, what the trained critic gets specifically from these pages is only the intellectual pleasure of recognition, whereas the mob gets the complete aesthetic experience of identification. The trained critic might retort that the mob is welcome to it, but that would be to miss the point. It is not only the mercilessly observed and magically rendered inanities that the mob identifies itself with; the mob is not quite so disinterestedly self-critical as all that. It is, rather, the full human and moral reality which Mr. Lardner has somehow the power to suggest at the back of his bitterest ironies. The great mass of unsophisticated readers sense that he really knows them, not only outside but inside, as they know themselves. Hence—by a law that operates even for the unsophisticated—they receive his derision with delight.

This must mean that Mr. Lardner's instinctive humanity is extraordinarily sound, for the acknowledgements and concessions he renders his kind are usually made, as it were, by the back door. He unquestionably hates the cruel and half-imbecile types who on occasion constitute his prey; only it is the definition of his quality to say that there is nothing thin about his hatred. It is the full emotion of a man who expected, and continues to expect, something better. The judgments are often harsh and contemptuous, but the standards are not contemptuous: they are the plain and homely standards founded on a respect for human nature. The most highly praised of these stories—*Champion*, *The Love Nest*, *Haircut*—are elementary moral treatises dramatized by a master.

For all of this, perhaps the ultimate verdict will be given in favor of those stories in which Mr. Lardner permits himself to laugh: those sly exposés of golfers and flappers and song-writers, those incomparable slices of the big-league world. Here his mind is not taut under angry pity or disdain, and quests genially the preposterous humor which is thick and recognizable all about us, but which only the artist of the absurd can run down. Though more quietly written, *The Golden Honeymoon* belongs here—the best of Mr. Lardner's stories, and one of the best stories in the world.

MARY KOLARS.

Realism and Romance

Peter Good for Nothing, by Darragh Aldrich. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

Liv, by Kathleen Coyle. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

ONE very interesting sidelight on twentieth-century materialism is the amount of romantic, fairy-tale fiction which is consumed. I know one author of consistent best sellers who deliberately takes her plots from Grimm's; and the work of many other writers, including Mr. Aldrich, makes the same procedure suspect. *Peter Good for Nothing* is a logging-camp version of *The Pauper Prince* with a Minnesota background. The villain is the hero's worthless cousin; the princess is the daughter of the rich lumberman; and the hero, of course, is disclosed in the end to be the son of the dead millionaire Harrington, former partner of the heroine's father. The French-Canadian hero is a picturesque and likable chap, and though the solution of the story is evident from the third chapter, it should still interest those who can forget Voltaire's irony and rejoice that—in fairy tales, at least—all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Miss Coyle, on the other hand, is a realist, though of the Katherine Mansfield rather than the Zola school; for in *Liv*,

her fifth novel, as in her other work, she attempts poetic interpretation. Unfortunately, her imagery blurs the clarity of her scenes and characters. Another weakness is the confined scope of her work, which calls for the apt technique of a Schnitzler.

In *Liv*, for instance, there are but two situations, each of which could be handled in a short story. The first is in Norway in which the sensitive *Liv* wins permission to travel. The author indicates that it is the Viking blood which is driving her forth, but the urge remains nebulous, both for the girl and the reader. *Liv* is overshadowed in this part by her aunt, Sonja, who is a real character, and the excellent descriptions of the country.

It is in the second part of the book that Miss Coyle is at her best, for Paris is the setting and the contrast between the purposeless expatriots and the demanding Norwegian girl is clearly drawn. It is among the artistic drifters without standards that she meets love, and it is her refusal to yield to that love which brings her character into focus. She returns to her aunt, who attempts the dangerous experiment of making *Liv's* problem a national one: "It is all right for us here. . . . When we go south into warmer lands we lose something of ourselves. . . . It is better, I think, to stay where we belong . . . where even the trees know us. . . ."

Kathleen Coyle has standards, both for herself and for her characters, and her writing is frequently shot through with beautiful imagery. Because of this it is regrettable that in both subject-matter and clarity she has so far fallen just a little short of her potential achievement.

LURTON BLASSINGAME.

Teaching Sisters

Standard Bearers, by Sister Maria Alma, I.H.M. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.00.

THE author of *Standard Bearers* has gathered the main facts in the activities of the American Catholic teaching sisterhoods, from the earliest times until 1850, and has presented them in conjunction with the principal points of federal and state legislations in each district of the United States before 1850, in a volume which will be of permanent value in educational and historical fields. Offered in partial requirements for a doctoral degree, *Standard Bearers* represents a great amount of historical research. Beginning with the colonial period—with the Ursulines in Louisiana, the Jesuits and Franciscans in Florida, the Franciscans in the Rio Grande country and in California, many of whose schools antedated the purely Protestant education of colonial New England—the author furnishes a background, rich in history, devotion and sacrifice, for the subsequent story, no less glorious, of the first native American sisterhoods. Then come the accounts of the first abortive attempts to found and later maintain Catholic schools: the Carmelites and Poor Clares, in Maryland; *Les Dames de la Retraite*, in Pennsylvania, Carolina and Alabama; the Ursulines and Trappistines, in New York; and the well-known, much afflicted community of Ursulines, in Boston. With the second chapter begins the division of the subject-matter according to states. When one keeps in mind the statement of the author that, until the middle of the nineteenth century, both in Europe and in America, education depended almost exclusively upon the interest of religious denominations—state, national or federal constitutions to the contrary notwithstanding—it is not difficult to understand why the Catholic schools were numbered among the first

educational institutions in practically every territory now included in the United States.

It is regrettable that the restrictions imposed upon the author's thesis have necessitated a treatment so condensed as to appear in some instances almost sketchy; regrettable especially because no standard work of this nature exists. But when a more comprehensive volume is demanded, the student will find here source material of the first importance.

Unfortunately, in quoting uncritically Hassard's *The Life of Archbishop Hughes*, Sister Maria Alma has repeated the traditional mistake of according to the New York Sisters of Charity the sole right to Mother Seton's succession. Other communities of Sisters of Charity in the country, with the same right and much the same reason, lay claim to the same prerogative. Besides this error, there are only a few minor slips to be noted. One of them concerns the schools in Indiana. When the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth withdrew from Vincennes, in 1834, the Sisters of Charity of Emmitsburg were invited by Bishop Brute to take over the work. This they did in 1837. Sister Maria Alma makes no mention of any Indiana Catholic school subsequent to the withdrawal of the Nazareth Sisters and before the coming of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the Sisters of Providence.

Taken all in all, *Standard Bearers* can be recommended unhesitatingly to those interested in Catholic education and history in the United States. To those who know what it means to build and then keep in being schools, academies, colleges, and last but not most important of all, homes for orphaned children, this book will be more than a statement of facts and figures. Between the lines of each chapter may be read countless stories of sacrifice and heroism.

JOSEPH B. CODE.

Poetry in Stanzas

Buck Fever, by Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Duffield and Company. \$1.00.

THIS, the work of a young and very earnest poet, possessed of genuine imagination and feeling, is more than the ordinary collection of magazine pieces. One senses in the writer a fine consciousness of the dignity of the poet's craft, and a disposition to welcome criticism on some higher ground.

It is an intensely personal vision of the world that Mr. Robinson shows us, and an eminently poetic one. This goes far to compensate for certain structural incompetencies. He is a poet of stanzas rather than of songs. Rightly one ought not to demand too much from young poets, but there is here on occasion such depth and so authentic a note of lyric exaltation that we may be allowed to regret that the net result is not a little finer. This because Mr. Robinson's purpose seems to be to weave the fairest tapestry of dreams imaginable. An example in point is *Honey Bugler's Retreat*: no sailor ever talked quite the way this bugler is made to speak, yet for all that the poem is spun out of the very stuff of life.

In the sonnets one is occasionally rewarded by passages such as this:

"Dawn is a white doe pasturing between
The hedge and house, the sidewalk and the lawn
Cropping the berried bush of darkness clean. . ."

And there are delectable images, as of "wheat-fields yellower than canaries," or of a bough's shadow "nuzzling its leaf-nose deep into my page." It is good to meet as genuine a poet as Mr. Robinson today, or any day.

SPEER STRAHAN.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

MEN'S SWEATERS and STOCKINGS

*That Conform
To the Best Dictates of
Golfing Style*

A survey of the best dressed
—most appropriately dressed
—golfers on any Eastern links
will demonstrate the overwhelming majority wearing sweaters and stockings which match or harmonize in tone.

Further, this knitted wear will either be plain in colour or show a small over-all pattern which, at a distance, appears as one colour.

Sweaters from \$10 to \$30

Stockings from \$4.50 to \$10

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
FIRST FLOOR

MOUNT WASHINGTON COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

MOUNT WASHINGTON, MARYLAND

—We will Prepare Your Son For High School—

In proximity to Mount Saint Agnes is the Mount Washington Country School, the ideal boarding and day school

Reservations Limited

Seventy Select Boys

From six to thirteen years of age

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY

Syosset, (Long Island) New York

A Residential and Day School for Girls.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

THE URSULINE ACADEMY

A College Preparatory School for Girls

Resident and Day Pupils

Chartered by the Regents of New York

Grand Concourse at 165th St., New York City

SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG, PA.

An Eastern School with Western Vigor

A Northern School with Southern Charm

College Women From Eighteen States

500 Minutes from Broadway

43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees

PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION.

Forty Minutes from New York.

Resident and Non-Resident Students

Catalogues on application to the Secretary

**PROHIBITION
AND
CIVIC LOYALTY**

By JOHN A. RYAN, D.D., LL.D.

Nothing that has been written on Prohibition has aroused more comment and discussion than this article by Dr. Ryan which was originally published in The Commonweal. Echoes of its salient facts have been heard in the Chamber of the United States Senate.

Dr. Ryan has now published his article in pamphlet form.

Price: 20 Pamphlets, One Dollar

THE COMMONWEAL

Suite 4622, Grand Central Terminal
New York, N. Y.

Opera's Favorite

Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans, by Mary Lawton.
New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.

THE vogue for fictionalized biography and autobiography being what it is, we have come to be somewhat blasé about the appearance of a new book of this character. But the life story of Madame Schumann-Heink does not rely upon sentimental details to enliven one's interest. There are adventures galore, an abundance of biographical material about the great artist herself and many an interesting sidelight upon the lives of other outstanding figures of the musical world. The book is frank and sincere and Mary Lawton has succeeded in preserving the personality of the singer.

The story of the great contralto's early life might easily have been sentimentalized. She was the daughter of a poor Austrian army officer; and when the young girl's exquisite voice was discovered by an Ursuline nun in Prague it brought little joy to her family because there was no money to spend on its cultivation. But a way was found, and at the age of fifteen Ernestine Roessler was singing at the Dresden Opera. Unfortunately she forfeited her contract by getting married three years later, and as a consequence was plunged into the bitterest poverty. Children came in rapid succession and shortly before the fourth was born her husband, Heink, deserted her. During this starvation period Hans von Bülow provided food for her and the children, but subsequently flew into a rage when he discovered that the birth of her child might prevent her singing in the Mozart cycle at Hamburg.

Finally an unexpected opportunity presented itself to the singer through a fit of temperament on the part of the prima donna, Goetze, of the Hamburg Opera. Madame Heink went in swift succession from the rôle of Carmen to Fides in *Le Prophète* and *Ortrud* in *Lohengrin* without a rehearsal. At last she was made and life looked very bright indeed. She made a second attempt at matrimony with Paul Schumann, a scholar and an actor, and was very happy. The culmination of her lifelong ambition, a contract with the Metropolitan Opera of New York, was also near at hand. Her place as a prima donna was forever assured.

As the years passed Madame Schumann-Heink's joy in her success was always tempered by sorrows which came to her. Yet now that she has passed her golden jubilee festival, the affection in which she is universally held makes her career seem great and goodly in a measure that seldom falls to the lot of woman. It is pleasant to know that just as her voice has been preserved in a host of phonograph records, so also a great deal of her personal charm has been caught up into Miss Lawton's book.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

In Mr. Sean O'Faolain's paper, *Four Irish Generations*, published May 1, 1929, one sentence was deprived of a quotation which altered the sense. It should have read:

"It is as if, too late, Mr. Yeats would admit wisdom to George Moore, would wish he himself had, like him, taken refuge from all irrelevant opinion in some such faith as that discovered,

"When painted panel, statuary,
Glass-mosaic, window-glass,
Straightened all that went awry
When some peasant gospeler
Imagined Him upon the floor
Of a working carpenter."

Briefer Mention

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rølvaag. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

IT MUST be confessed that the sequel to Mr. Rølvaag's extraordinary *Giants in the Earth* is not of the same calibre, in presentation or material. Enough of the earlier interest carries over to give us pleasure in reestablishing our relations with the characters, but the freshness and sweep seem somehow to have paled and diminished. The result is a routine regional novel, full of carefully observed details and adequately written, but lacking that generous enthusiasm for the efforts of men and that power to fill the mind with a fine and simple vision which was the chief glory of the tale of *Per Hansa*, the Norwegian immigrant. *Peder Victorious* is his son, and the book which bears his name tells of his boyhood and young manhood on the farm in Dakota Territory which *Per Hansa* had staked out. The main character is really his mother, Beret. Mr. Rølvaag does his best work in tracing the change and growth of this strange and unhappy woman's mind, from her early flinty insistence that her children shall keep to their father's ways and resist even the language of the new country, to her final acquiescence in *Peder's* engagement with an Irish Catholic. *Peder Victorious* is competent but not exciting.

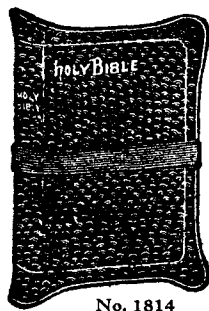
The Splendid Silence, by Alan Sullivan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

THIS is an unimportant novel save for a situation which suddenly captures the reader's interest in an early chapter and which, much to his disappointment, is made merely a plot motivation. Duncan Seymour recognizes his youthful step-mother as having been connected with an Italian episode which bore all the earmarks of scandal. His loyalty to his dead mother and his love of his father force him to reveal his knowledge of the affair to her. Cognizant that her fate is absolutely in Duncan's hands and that the true story could command little credulity, she can only appeal to the genuine love and the happiness she has brought her husband as justification of the concealment she has practised. Duncan believes her and his concluding promise that she can trust him to remain silent is overheard by his father, who jealously leaps to the conclusion that his son is in love with his wife. Mr. Sullivan shrinks from a development of this triangle and dispatches his hero to Canada and the great trees, leaving the reader to satisfy himself with gruel when he might so easily have been given wine.

Readings from Friedrich von Hügel, by Algar Thorold. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.00.

MR. THOROLD can always be relied upon for good work, even though one seldom comes upon a more abstruse writer. His introduction to the present volume of selections from the Von Hügel books is unusually perceptive and forceful. Few better things have been said about a man whose importance is sure to be more and more widely recognized. The excerpts themselves are arranged under three heads: The approach to religion, the philosophy of religion and the experience of sanctity. Agreeably enough there is a rather marked continuity, and yet every passage is virtually complete in itself. One says gladly that the little volume deserves reading both for its own sake and because it will undoubtedly urge many to take up the Von Hügel books themselves.

Have You a CATHOLIC BIBLE?



No. 1814

The Third Plenary Council exhorts every family to have a Bible and read it every day.

DOUAY EDITION, 5½ x 8"

Maps, Illustrations, Register

Bound French Morocco, Yapp, Gold Title, Round Corners, Red Under Gold Edges, \$4.75

Black Cloth, Square, Red Edges, Without Illustrations, \$1.50

Write for Complete Catalog

JOHN MURPHY CO., 200 W. Lombard St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Georgetown Preparatory School

Garrett Park, Maryland

Country School

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers

Regular Four-Year Classical

High School Course

Classes Limited

Private Rooms Only

Situated in the villa section of Montgomery County, Maryland, Eleven Miles from the National Capital. New South Wing has just been completed with accommodations for twenty additional resident students.

For information or catalogue apply HEADMASTER

HIMELBAUGH & BROWNE

BOOKSELLERS

New Yorkers invariably go to Himelbaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask? Write for catalogue.

4 East 46th St.

Murray Hill 1149

For the Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York

Remember in your will the needs of the Home and Foreign Missions of your Holy Faith. You will have the spiritual benefits of the Masses, prayers and good works of 65,000 missionaries. "I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, (offices at 462 Madison Avenue, New York City), the sum of dollars."

Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D.
Chairman

Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell
Director

"It is a bad will that has not the name of our Lord among the Heirs."
—CARDINAL MANNING

GORHAM ECCLESIASTICAL PRODUCTIONS

Rosaries	Candlesticks	Vases
Crucifixes	Ostensoria	Pyxis & Oil Stocks
Medals	Vestments	Triptychs

Altar Appointments — Church Decorations
Mosaics—Tablets—Stained Glass Windows

GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

SUMMER VACATION TRIPS and CRUISES

Europe, Nova Scotia, New Foundland, St. Lawrence and Saguenay, Bermuda, Porto-Rico, Havana and West Indies. California (Water Rail), The Great Lakes, Motor Coach and Rail Tours to New England and Canada. To those considering THEIR VACATION PLANS will be pleased to mail descriptive literature and submit itineraries on request to

FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY 535—5th Ave., N. Y. City
Phone 8390-8391 Murray Hill

SARA ANSLEY O'ROURKE

associated with

EDITH L. SMITH

Specialist in

Westchester and Fairfield Country Homes

ROOM 2580, SALMON TOWER
11 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Telephone Pennsylvania 8762 Write for folder

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART

133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York
Thirteenth Summer Session June 25—August 3

COURSES OFFERED

Gregorian Chant
The Liturgy
Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music, Courses I, II, III
Gregorian Accompaniment
Advanced Chironomy Harmony—Counterpoint
Musical Theory—Lessons in Voice Production, Organ, Violin, Piano
Registrations, June 24th, earlier if desired Cathedral 1334

FONTBONNE COLLEGE

St. Louis, Mo.

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.
A Corporate College of St. Louis University and as such fully
accredited by the
North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.
For Bulletin address the Office of the Dean

The Witchery of Wasps, by Edward G. Reinhard. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.

MR. REINHARD writes a very jolly and adventuresome story of the habits of the solitary wasp. He has a proper reverence for the great men who studied these insects in the past, but not so much that he will not check up on them with little experiments of his own. And some of these are essentially poetic rather than scientific in their conception. We see him, for instance, trying to shatter the ancient respect for the wasp's needle by allowing one to jab him in three places. Needless to say, no student of nature should again attempt this experiment, but we are glad that Mr. Reinhard had the temerity to try it for the joy we have had in discovering that our forefathers were not wrong in this respect about the wasp. Other studies of his are less in accord with tradition, and even Fabre, in one case, is let down. We are grateful for these additions to our stock of true knowledge, and for an introduction to a charming early American writer, one John Bartram, discoverer of the Great Black Wasp of Pennsylvania.

Toad of Toad Hall, by A. A. Milne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

IN DRAMATIZING Kenneth Grahame's fantasy, *The Wind in the Willows*, Mr. Milne has succeeded in conveying the spirit and intent of his original without giving it away. He has had to do without some of the best things in the story, not principally because they are unsuitable to the theatre but because they definitely belong to the story as first written. While so much of Kenneth Grahame is omitted, and so much of Milne is inserted, the play can hardly arouse contention among Mr. Grahame's admirers. On the contrary, it will probably delight most those who know the original best.

Bryan, by M. R. Werner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

MR. WERNER'S study of Bryan contains a good many hitherto unassembled facts, but is nevertheless noticeably thin. There are long chapters on the various political conventions, and a still longer one on Dayton. The attitude is more than condescending. One is prepared to admit the superiority of Mr. Werner over Bryan, but it was really quite unnecessary to keep "dinging, dinging it into one so."

CONTRIBUTORS

COUNT IGINO GIORDANI is a member of the staff of the Vatican Library. PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ is the author of *They Knew the Washingtons*; and *The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina*.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM, whose books include *The Gothic Quest*; and *The Ministry of Art*, is an expert on Gothic art.

ROBERT STEWART is the dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada.

REV. PAUL BUSSARD is a young priest recently appointed as an assistant at the Cathedral of Saint Paul, St. Paul, Minnesota.

LE BARON COOKE is an American poet residing in Boston.

MARGARET TOD RITTER is a contemporary American poet.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER is the author of *High Road*.

DAVID MORTON, author of *The Sonnet*, is associated with the English department of Amherst College.

ERNEST HARTSOCK, editor of *Bozart*, is the author of *Narcissus and Iscarlot*.

BERT COOKSLEY is an English poet residing in America.

ELIOT KAYS STONE contributes poetry to American periodicals.

REV. GERALD B. PHELAN is professor of philosophy in Saint Michael's College, Toronto.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is on the staff of the New York Times Book Reviews.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI is a member of The Commonwealth staff.

LURTON BLASSINGAME, critic and journalist from Alabama, contributes to the New York press.

REV. JOSEPH B. CODE is on the staff of Saint Ambrose's College, Davenport, Iowa.

REV. SPEER STRAHAN is professor of English in the Catholic University of America.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM contributes critical reviews to current periodicals.